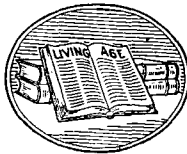


The Living Age

Vol. 303
From Beginning



Vol. 16
Eighth Series

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Published Every Saturday by

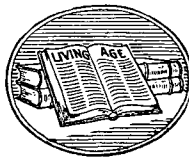
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NO. 3929

OCTOBER 25, 1919

ISLAM AFTER THE WAR

WHAT is going to be our policy toward Islam under the new conditions after the war? The question may be approached by stating rather baldly the extremes which show signs of drawing opinion in Great Britain into two camps. There is the school which, starting from the conception of nationality in Europe and tending to ignore what does not fit into this frame, sees clearly that full opportunity for national development must be secured for those elements which are ripe for it in the Middle East—the Greeks and Armenians, Lebanese and Zionist Jews, and certain Moslem populations, perhaps, which have drifted into the wake of the European movement—but which is inclined to leave the specifically Islamic problem out of its reckoning, and to acquiesce in the submergence of hitherto independent Moslem populations, partly to round off the fringes of outlying European national states, and partly to swell the colonial domains of great European Powers. On the other side is the school which is acutely conscious of Islam as a positive force, which realizes that the difficulty of adjustment between this force and European civilization has been increased by the war and has become more than ever a responsi-

bility of the British Empire; in fact, that it may be one of the vital problems of the Empire in the next generation, and that the gravest issues may be involved in success or failure here. Impressed with the gravity of these issues, this school is in danger of brushing other considerations aside, and of clinging, in undue timidity, to out-of-date and, therefore, perilous remedies. Its upholders in England are inclined to trust too blindly to the manifestations of opinion in the Moslem community in India as a gauge of that latent, universal Moslem consciousness of which they are aware, and to find a panacea for Moslem discontents in the conservation of the Ottoman Empire, because that has been the most striking concrete demand that the Indian Moslems have put forward.

It is important to distinguish between the several tenets of this second school, because they are probably right in some and wrong in others. They are evidently right, indeed, in their main premise. Islam is a social force of world-importance, and in its home territory in the Middle East of undoubtedly greater importance than the European elements which have survived from a remote past or gained a footing in recent times. The insist-

ence of the other school on Europe and nationality is removing a previous defect in our general policy and has an indispensable place in our local policy in the East. Yet the Islamic school is more right here in its position. After all, the external action of Europe has actually added to the numbers and hardened the form of the Islamic world. It has poured the raw human millions of East and Central Africa into the Moslem mould, and has stimulated the reactionary as against the progressive elements in the Moslem spirit by arousing opposition to European predominance and to that capacity for growth and experiment which is its characteristic and its cause. It is difficult for us to understand the Moslem state of mind just because it so largely consists in a reaction against our own, but we can realize it best by imagining the historical relations of Europe and Islam reversed. Suppose that, as is conceivable, Islam had begun to penetrate and encircle Europe about the ninth and tenth centuries A.D., as Europe, six centuries later, did with the Islamic world; that the Moslem power in Spain had endured, and the Moslem outposts in Sicily and Italy been consolidated into a permanent dominion; that Russia had been converted not to Christianity but to Islam, and Moslem navigators captured the Baltic, the North Sea, the Atlantic, and ultimately the New World? What would have been the relative state of the two societies in the period when, as things turned out, the great European saints and artists and poets and statesmen of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were preparing our renaissance? Would not the Christian Church have so concentrated upon image-worship and trinitarian theology that the spirits of a St. Francis or even a Wycliff would never have unfolded themselves within it,

and impartial observers have concluded that Christian doctrine was incompatible with human progress? Would not the greatest intellects have found their education in Moslem universities and their patronage at Moslem courts, so that the creative energy then existent in the human race would have expressed itself in Moslem forms? And what of politics? Would England, as a tributary, perhaps, of Moslem Spain, have developed her Parliament and her common law, or rid herself of serfdom? We can imagine a Europe sunk everywhere into various degrees of subjection to Moslem states, except perhaps for a Frankish empire in Gaul, preserving, within reduced frontiers and in barbarous form, a memory of the transient glory of Charlemagne and the brighter, though more distant, splendor of Rome. This last shadow of a Christian power might well be cherished by the pious sentiments of subject Europe, but it would have little to commend it in the eyes of a judicial outsider. It would be an incubus to its Christian inhabitants, and would periodically revenge itself for the encroachments of the civilized Moslem powers by massacring its own Moslem subjects, which by a freak of history it had retained from earlier conquests on its Spanish marches — as if, when the great dykes were crumbling before the advance of the sea, it could stave off the flood by baling out the little pools surviving from an earlier inundation.

This is a not unfair allegory of the relation between Europe and Islam to-day. Islam cannot stand against Europe, physically or spiritually, but neither can Europe assimilate Islam, spiritually or even physically, to itself. Islam is invincible in its negative power. It is pre-European, and it stands as good a chance of surviving European civilization as the winged

bulls dug out of Nineveh of surviving the British Museum in which we have installed them; while if the fortune of Europe were to continue on its present tragic course, Islam might well play its part in the drama as one among several bodies of international opposition to the European society of nations—a Samson who could not escape the Philistine bands yet could pull down about his ears and theirs a fairer house than he himself could ever have created.

The 'Islamic school' in England have, then, truly divined the importance and difficulty of the Moslem problem, but their policy for solving it is open to serious criticism. Its most obvious defect is one of anachronism, in that it appears only to reckon with the factors that were prominent before the war, while others have now emerged and the relative importance of new and old has been modified. It is true that before the war the Indian Moslems and the Ottoman Empire were the two Islamic forces, and the only two, of which practical British statesmanship had to take account. The Ottoman Empire was a Moslem state strong enough and independent enough and possessed of sufficient inherited prestige to be invested by Moslem sentiment with the dignity of a great Power; and the Indian Moslems were the only non-Ottoman Moslem community, at any rate within the British Empire, that had the education, organization, wealth, and numbers to be a force in politics. Egyptian nationalism existed, but was enmeshed in the ambiguous three-cornered relation between Egypt, Great Britain, and the Ottoman Porte. The Arabs in Asia paid the price of other Moslems' sentiment for the power of the Ottoman Empire by foregoing their individuality and languishing as taxpayers and conscripts of a Turkish

state. The Moslems of the Russian Empire were strong in numbers and included some of the most advanced as well as the most backward Moslem peoples, but they were weak in organization, and buried, like other subject elements, under the all-enveloping pall of the Tsardom. In these circumstances the policy we are criticizing broadly corresponded with the facts. But how can it stand now that nearly every important fact has altered?

The Ottoman Empire has fallen beyond any possibility of rehabilitation. The Islamic school are urging that we should still leave to the Turkish state all territories of predominantly Osmanli nationality, and this is clearly right. But the obligation flows from the general principle of national self-government on which we have fought the war, and which applies to Turks as much as to Greeks and Armenians. Let us deal the Turk the same measure as his Christian neighbors, not less, but not more, and above all not more in the expectation that, by doing less than justice to small European peoples who have been hideously wronged but whose interests do not concern us, we can palliate the general discontent aroused by the results of the war throughout the Moslem world.

Injustice to the Anatolian Turks, as a Moslem population, would certainly be resented by general Moslem opinion, and to that degree policy as well as principle should restrain us from committing it. But the same resentment would be aroused by injustice, or supposed injustice, to Persia, Egypt, or the Moslems of Palestine or Syria. A just settlement of Turkey will not cause Moslem opinion to disinterest itself in these other countries, nor will the maintenance of a purely national Turkish state, though it may be a happier condition of existence for the Turks themselves, compensate other

Moslems for the disappearance of the Ottoman Empire.

It is surely a false assumption to suppose that the Anatolian Turks, as a people, have a special hold over the affections of Indian or any other Moslems. It is admitted by all parties that national consciousness in the Moslem world is but slightly developed, and even in Europe the most precocious nationalists are seldom noted for a romantic attachment to other nationalities than their own. The Indian Moslems were attached, not to the Turks, but to the Ottoman Empire as the Moslem Great Power, and it may be prophesied that the national interests of the Turks, who have failed to uphold that empire as a common Moslem citadel, will leave them cold, just as the national interests of the Arabs, when they conflicted with the preservation of the Empire, aroused their positive hostility. They will only sympathize with these peoples when they are encroached upon, as Moslems, by non-Moslem powers, but then they will sympathize to the full; and this subordination of the national to the Islamic idea is, in fact, the natural and instinctive tendency of Islam under present conditions. A society so hard pressed by a stronger organism from without cannot afford the luxury of indulging the individual idiosyncrasies of its various members.

Thus, even if Turkey survives as a backward and insignificant national state, the collapse of the Ottoman Empire is bound to cause Islam a shock from which there is no escaping, for it is a *reductio ad absurdum* to imagine us escaping it in the only way possible, by restoring the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, throwing in, perhaps, a suzerainty over Egypt and the Caucasus, leaving the Porte unfettered control of the Straits; and doing ourselves everything that we prevented the Ger-

mans from doing at enormous cost. Such a policy is unthinkable. If Ottoman power really revived, it would be a torment to those under it and a danger to the world. But it would not revive, but merely fester, for the life went out of this empire at least a hundred and fifty years ago and it has only survived through the rivalries of other Powers. The Indian Moslems' idol had feet of clay and they were bound, sooner or later, to be disillusioned with it, even if the war has not violently cast it down. Even without the war, the pre-war situation and the policy based on it were wearing threadbare. We had better face the fact of its breakdown and of the inevitable shock to Moslem feeling, and find compensation of other kinds for that which we cannot restore.

Nor should we be moved by the final argument that the Anatolian Turks will retain a religious influence in Islam out of proportion to their decline in power, because the Caliphate is theirs, for the Caliphate is not a spiritual but a temporal office. It is an executive sovereignty over Moslem society, with the object of defending this society with a strong arm against outsiders; in fact the Caliph is simply the personal head of the Moslem Great Power, and his authority over other Moslems will diminish in proportion to the power, for championing Islam, of the state over which he rules. Of course he will retain adherents beyond the immediate circle of his own Turkish subjects, notably among the Indian Moslems themselves, whose tradition of personal loyalty will not suffer them to abandon a Caliph in misfortune, but his commanding position will be gone. The revival of political consciousness among the Arabic-speaking Moslems of Asia and Egypt will probably raise up against him a mighty rival. The Russian Moslems, since the

revolution, have been working for the reconciliation of Sunnis and Shias, on which their power of effective action depends, and are unlikely to endanger this work by fostering relations with a Sunni Caliph, whom the Shias cannot accept. Nor, even before the war, was the Ottoman Caliphate ever accepted by the Moslems of Persia or Morocco. Islam is entering on a period of rival caliphates, such as it has passed through before, and just for this reason it may be prophesied that, in the immediate future, the Caliphate will not be a factor of paramount importance. It will be glazed over as a controversy dividing not only Shias from Sunnis, but Arabs from Turks, and this at a time when Islam is more in need of unity than ever. Islamic fraternity is more fundamental than the Caliphate, and will find other symbols and organs when this one ceases to perform its work. The most significant phenomenon in Islam during the period preceding the war was the sympathy felt by Sunni Moslems in India and elsewhere for the sufferings of heretical and anti-Ottoman Persia at the hands of Russia. 'L'union sacrée,' rather than the Caliphate or the Ottoman Empire, will be the Moslem watchword in future.

We may expect, then, that the Indian Moslems, while retaining a warm sentiment for the Turkish Caliph and the Anatolian national state, will take a new political orientation. They will look less to Moslems abroad and more to themselves. They will face the bitter fact that Islam has become too weak in comparison with Europe to maintain even the semblance of independent political power, and they will set themselves to rebuild Islamic society not outside, but inside, the framework of European imperialism. The political framework constructed by Europeans will, in fact, give them a

wider and surer basis of organization than anything the pre-war Ottoman Caliphate could offer—particularly the framework of British administration extended over a vaster field than ever by the war. The British connection will both prompt and enable the Indian Moslems to link up with the non-Moslem elements in India on the one hand, and with the Moslems of Mesopotamia, Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt on the other, or even with those of East Africa, Nyassaland, and Nigeria. There is a curious impression among some observers in England that because the Indian Moslems disapproved of the part played by the Arabs in the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, they will take a malicious pleasure in Arab grievances against British and French administration, or colonization by Zionist Jews. The logic of this conclusion is naïve, or rather it is not logical enough. For the permanent motive in the Indian Moslems' minds is not benevolence toward the Turk and resentment toward his enemies, but concern for what they judge, in successive circumstances, to be the general interest of Islam. They will condemn the Arabs for breaking away from Ottoman rule but applaud them for resisting the introduction of European administration, and the very Arab leaders who were anathematized in the anti-Turkish war would be supported by all Islam in a struggle against real or fancied European aggression, not only by the Indian Moslems, but by the disgruntled Turks themselves.

The argument of this article may now be summed up in two closely related propositions:

1. The settlement between Turkey and her European neighbors (Armenia, Bulgaria, Greece) ought to be made, as far as it lies with us, on the same principle as the other national and territorial settlements in Europe, without

being prejudiced by general Islamic considerations. This is not the place for detailed recommendations, but it may be suggested that Thrace, as a district from which a previous Greco-Bulgarian majority has been forcibly expelled by the Turks since the Balkan War, and Constantinople with the zone of the straits, as an area of very mixed population and extreme international importance, ought both to be detached from the Turkish State; while Smyrna, which as a port and a railway centre is probably as important to Anatolia as Danzig is to Poland, ought to remain attached as closely to Turkey as Danzig has been attached to Poland by the Peace Conference. If the considerable Greek population which this line of settlement would leave in Turkey could not be protected sufficiently without placing the Turkish Government under some kind of international control, we ought not to be deterred from this any more than from depriving Turkey of Constantinople, by the motive of placating Moslem sentiment elsewhere.

2. We must be prepared for a vigorous movement on the part of all Moslems in the British Empire — a movement for political self-expression through combined action. It would be a grave mistake to imagine that we can avert or tone down this movement by dealing generously with Turkey. Whatever is done with Turkey, this move-

ment will take place, because Turkey is anyway now incapable of performing the real services to Islam expected of her by Moslem opinion, and Moslems under European rule will feel that the preservation of Islamic society now depends on themselves. It is surely possible for them to satisfy this newly realized need without a collision (which in these circumstances might be disastrous) between them and us. But that chiefly depends upon our courage and wisdom and good will, our power to understand their need and sympathize with it and do our part in securing it satisfaction. Here again any detailed exposition of policy would be too ambitious for this article, but it may be suggested that the idea of European rule in the East as a 'mandate,' which has been struck out at the Peace Conference as a corollary to the League of Nations, is singularly fruitful for the solution of the particular problem under discussion. For if this ideal could be made the guiding spirit of European administration in Eastern countries, Moslem opinion might be relieved of the fear that European penetration is incompatible with the preservation of Islamic society, and might accept that outside assistance without which it is hardly possible for Islam to accomplish its tremendous task of reform, but which cannot be rendered effectively unless it is willingly received.

The New Europe

TO-DAY IN ALSACE LORRAINE

I HAVE long been unwilling to speak of the disturbing situation in Alsace Lorraine. I can no longer keep silence, however, regarding the complaints which continue to arise because every day shows that the majority of them are well founded. During the German occupation there existed here, as with us, a bureaucracy which, unlike ours, operated without good will, but with speed. The German bureaucracy cannot be reproached with negligence of a character shown in the following examples.

At the beginning of August the Central Association of farmers of Alsace Lorraine received the order to put two hundred-odd wagons of seed wheat at the disposition of the Department of Meurthe and Moselle. This was the red wheat of Alsace. A decree is necessary in order that this grain may leave the country. At the end of twenty days, the decree is signed, but those interested in the transaction are told of it only twelve days later, on the fourth of September. The result of this is that the people of Lorraine say that the sowing time will have long passed before the arrival of the wheat. Another example which was told me recently by a large manufacturer, a member of the Municipal Commission, is the following. A conference was about to be given here by a distinguished personage. Invitations were prepared for all the principal notables of the town and on the day arranged M. Millerand and some office holders appeared, but not a single one of the invited guests. Naturally enough there was much dismay, and on making inquiries it was discovered that the invitations were lying on the table of

the officer charged with forwarding them. This official has been removed from his post, but the unhappy effect of his carelessness remains.

The railroads of Alsace Lorraine have preserved their autonomy, thanks to the support of public opinion. I doubt if this autonomy could be preserved to-day. I bear witness that the warmest defenders of this autonomy are to-day the first to denounce the breakdown of the time tables, the bad condition of the wagons, and the thefts which are taking place with most disconcerting audacity and regularity. The largest wine dealer in Strasbourg told me that out of seventy-five hectolitres of wine which had been shipped to him, only fifty arrived. Thus the railroad owes him an indemnity of two hundred thousand francs. Nothing, evidently, can be protected from these thieves. If a carload of sugar arrives they break in the sides and carry away half of the contents. A carload of cloth leaves the station in good condition; on the following days sixty-two pieces are missing. Those who stole the latter have recently been arrested. But this matter of thefts is not all.

The commercial classes of our three new departments protest with justice against the impossibility of exporting their goods into Germany. They are systematically refused the necessary papers, while their American and English rivals ship there everything they care to send. The manufacturing elements complain of the competition of German firms, especially in the matter of goods intended for the nation. For example, a certain electric installation was to be made in the buildings of the

university and bids were invited for the work. There were three; two were Alsations of the purest race, and the other a kind of doubtful German who carried identity card B. This person until the armistice, was an engineer in a great German manufacturing concern and to-day there is every reason to believe that he has remained behind merely as a figurehead. But since they cannot exclude from the market the bearers of cards A and B, this German cannot be forbidden to enter the contest. When the bids were opened it was found that the bids of the German were respectively twenty-five and thirty-five thousand francs lower than those of the authentic Alsations. When asked how such a price could be made, the answer was given that seventy-five thousand francs, the full cost of the installation, would be finally turned into marks and would leave the German house a very pleasant profit.

Nor is this the only example of its kind. Bavarian brewers are importing a beer which costs them fifty-five francs. This beer they ship into our frontier departments, paying thirty francs duty as they cross the line. Were the financial situation normal, they would draw a profit of only thirty francs from their transactions. But they turn this sum into the Palatinate, in which it is converted into German money, making altogether something between seventy and eighty marks. Thus in spite of a heavy customs duty, one almost prohibitive, these Bavarians manage to sell their beer in France at a price of thirty-six to forty-six marks better than on their own territory, while at the same time they are supplanting the French brewers. It is,

Le Temps

therefore, not surprising to find these French brewers among the ranks of the discontented.

There is much to be said about the unsettled condition produced by strikes. These have been provoked in large part by the absolutely false conception which our workmen have of the word 'liberty.' After having been kept strictly to the grindstone for forty-eight years, this message is now shouted into their ears: 'Once everything was "verboten"; to-day everything is yours.' The effect of these deplorable words has not failed to make itself felt among a class quite ignorant of political education — a class which contains in itself certain very doubtful elements. Thus when the strike occurred in the potash mines the working personnel formulated pretensions which exceeded anything ever dreamed of by the most extravagant imaginations. M. Millerand has just settled matters. Will the calm continue?

The teachers of the country also are complaining, for their salaries are by no means proportional to those which their colleagues on the other side are receiving. Their claims, which seem very just, should receive satisfaction.

Finally from all sides arrive complaints just and well founded, all of them against the attitude of many Frenchmen who come here as to a conquered country, never forgetting the insulting word 'Boche' These Frenchmen think it natural enough that a man from Provence should speak *Provençal*, but are indignant that the Alsations should express themselves in their own dialect. What a pity it is they are not more logical!

LABOR AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY GEORGE N. BARNES

Two or three years ago a League of Nations was talked about as an ideal possibility; it is now almost an accomplished fact. Politicians then regarded it as an amiable fad; they now welcome it as a means of deliverance from manifold troubles.

When the British elections followed the termination of the war, and the Peace Conference was about to begin, those of us who had advocated a League of Nations pressed for its incorporation in the terms of peace. It is now a part of the treaty which has been endorsed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

But other Parliaments have yet to endorse the treaty, and in what follows I want to say nothing which will in any way lessen the chances of such endorsement. I want a more complete document for prevention of war in the future; but I do not want to jeopardize the chances of the Covenant of the present. The League Covenant is, I know, disappointing to many who looked to Paris for the emergence of a super-force to suppress aggressive war.

To the mind of the propagandist, the course mapped out years ago for the purpose seemed simple enough. Nations were to pool their forces, they were to apply economic pressure, and then, if that were not enough, they were to subdue an aggressive Power by an international force which was to be ready constituted and mobilizable. Like all pioneers, however, they underestimated the opposing elements. Some of us have been up against them since and we know their strength.

Chief among them is nationalism. It is a great force, to be reckoned with in our day and generation as the main factor in international relations. We have got to build internationalism upon nationalism.

And — a brutal fact — nations are separated most by conflicting material interests. Under these circumstances, therefore, the problem of bringing — and keeping — the nations together in coöperation resolves itself into one of creating a community of interest, or interests, between them.

The horrors of the war have given for the moment a sort of sense of community of interests. Any effort to prevent similar horrors for the future will get at least lip-service for the present. But that will pass away, as the horrors of the recent war fade from memory. Common action in matters of common concern must then become effective in the interests of world peace.

And this brings up a whole crop of questions to which adequate consideration had not been given. International coöperation in practical affairs had not been entirely unknown, but its advantages had not been fully realized. When the League came to be considered, however, as a practical proposition, it became evident that there was a fruitful field for further exploitation, and that the best way of getting the League developed was to get it to function in matters of everyday life and concern to the peoples. Industrial and economic questions are, or have been, disturbing factors in world affairs, because competing and selfish

interests have been left free to make them so. There was no authority to control them.

One of the most important articles, from the point of view of the foregoing considerations, is that by which the members of the League bind themselves together to maintain fair and humane conditions of life.

An organization of labor has been agreed upon to be established at the seat of the League. There will be a permanent secretariat which will gather information and prepare an agenda each year for the conference of representatives of states, employers, and employed. This conference will draw up conventions or recommendations for submission to the competent authorities of the nations which are members of the League. By these means it is hoped and believed that a most necessary and wholesome check will be given to competition of countries in which labor is sweated and oppressed.

This will not only benefit the peoples of these backward countries, it will raise the standard of life everywhere. How often have employers in countries of comparatively high wages urged foreign competition of the low-wage countries as one obstacle to improvement? The argument may not have been sound; employers may have had full value for relatively higher wages by relatively greater efficiency. But it has sometimes been effective. Hence the need for concurrent advance in all countries.

If Great Britain advances in its standard of wages only in the same degree as compared with Japan, then British employers are in no worse position as compared with Japan than before such advances. If India raises her starting age of children in industry to the same extent as America, then they both occupy the same position in the world competition as before the changes

were made. If women and children are protected everywhere from excessive work and poisonous processes, then no change is made to the detriment of any one country.

This concurrent advance in the matter of social and industrial well-being is what is aimed at in the Labor Chapter of the Peace Treaty. To achieve it is the business of the separate organization which has been set up under the ægis of the League of Nations, and which will hold its first meeting at Washington in October.

Detailed proposals, framed in the light of information collected in respect to industrial conditions in all countries, will be submitted. These proposals, however, will be submitted to the governments prior to the conference, so that the governments may advise their representatives upon them and will, therefore, be to an extent morally bound to accept the principles involved in them. This, indeed, may be said to be the feature which will distinguish the conferences of the new organization of labor from international conferences on labor with which we have been familiar. These gatherings have been, in the main, of representatives of labor only, and they have adopted resolutions of an idealistic character which, whatever their effect on the public mind, have not eventuated in immediate practical results. In future, practical results will be achieved by all-round coöperation.

Employers also will be represented. In fact, the new conditions bring in all interests to work together for the common good.

The new organization does not enter into competition with any existing organization because there is no other — and never has been any other — like or similar to it. It is supplementary to other organizations. It is designed to bring humane aspirations into re-

lation with the realities of daily life.

There has been much discussion in respect of admission of Germany. Such admission is clearly desirable, inasmuch as the Conference writ ought to run there as elsewhere. The matter is one, however, for the Conference itself to decide, and is left, therefore, for decision at Washington, where there is little doubt as to the result. Germany will, I believe, be invited to join, and thereby the door opened for her to enter again into the family of nations. It will be the prelude to her entry into the League.

But now, apart from these activities on labor matters, which in themselves will contribute to promoting a spirit of unity—how can the League itself function in keeping the peace?

Its Covenant now makes provision for arbitration, but the award may be disregarded after its issue. It is true that aggression without submission to arbitration is recognized as an act of war, involving instant boycott, and it is also true that the submission to arbitration gives time for reflection.

The danger still exists of a self-sufficing Power breaking through and achieving its object before the League forces could be mobilized. Provision must be made against this contingency. The League must be armed with some material force to back its decrees. There is already a condition of things in Southeast Europe in which international action would be justified, but which cannot be taken because as yet there is no international force avail-

able for the purpose. Small states have flouted the advice of the Allies. The condition of things is becoming intolerable.

An agitation is on foot for retention of British troops in the Caucasus to protect the Armenians against the two adjacent republics who have severed connection—for the time being—with Russia. The Turks are near, and are said to be preparing to coöperate in the congenial operation. Massacre is said to be impending in the event of our troops being withdrawn.

But, terrible as is this prospect, the time has come when Great Britain must get relief from some of its obligations. We cannot afford to police the world. The war has settled some problems, but has left—has, indeed, created—others which are essentially international in character, and should be dealt with by an international authority. The League of Nations must become that authority.

I believe that, in order that the League may become a reality in actual affairs of this kind, it should be armed with some force to be applied on behalf of all its members.

No provision is made in the Covenant of the League for the establishment of such a force, but, on the other hand, there is no express condition against it, and I hope that its establishment may be discussed by the League at an early date. Meantime, it is up to those specially interested in the Armenians to show sympathy by practical help and coöperation in their protection.

The London Chronicle

TEACHING ART

BY ROGER FRY

THE words sound wrong, somehow, like 'baking ices,' 'polishing mud,' or 'sliced lemonade'; one has a suspicion that it is a fabulous monster. But for everyone who wants to learn there is a large number who want to be taught or want their children taught, and so there arises the profession of the 'Art teacher' and institutions like the Royal College of Art, which for many decades has absorbed considerable amounts of public money, and has produced, not artists, but — it breeds true to type — only more 'Art teachers.' And apparently the more 'Art teachers,' the less art. And the less art the more clamor for getting Art taught, and again more 'Art teachers.'

What has been overlooked is the fact that Art cannot, properly speaking, be taught at all. One can teach conventions like the conventions of language; one can teach facts like the dates of historical events or the results of scientific experiment; one cannot teach a thing which does not exist. And the whole essence of Art being the discovery by the would-be artist of something that never has existed before in the whole history of the world, this unknown quantity cannot possibly be handed over to him by any teacher, however learned and sympathetic. This unknown thing is the reaction of the individual with all his emotional and sensual idiosyncrasies to vision. This does not imply that Art is a purely subjective affair, that it is bound to be personal. On the contrary, the best critics have almost always agreed that the greatest art is singularly objective and impersonal. But none the less the odd thing about Art is that this objective reality can only be attained by the artist exploring

completely his own sensibility. What the artist does is to contribute to the general fund the record of that aspect of reality which is discernible from the particular angle of his own spiritual situation.

Everyone is potentially an artist, since everyone has a unique spiritual experience. This is too Christian a doctrine to be accepted: we are still too much dominated by moral concepts of life. We think of life in terms of merit and reward of industry, discipline, achievement. Art is, therefore, represented as a very difficult accomplishment (which is true enough, but for quite a different reason), a kind of conjuring trick or acrobatic feat needing a strict teacher, the most persistent practice, and the closest adherence to rules. Our praise of the acrobat is our reward for the moral qualities he has displayed in overcoming difficulties by industry, perseverance, and obedience. The schoolmaster is naturally enough anxious about morals, and he always hopes to combine moral training with the subjects which he teaches in class. He frequently teaches Latin and Greek in such a way that the boys never will be able to read the classics, but will, it is hoped, have received much moral gymnastic exercise in passing along this intellectual and æsthetic blind alley.

And so art, too, though a subject looked askance at by our upper-class schools as effeminate, can still be taught in such a way as to become amenable to moral praise and blame awarded through examination.

It is, indeed, very difficult to be an artist — much more so than the schoolmasters and men of good will who incite us to industry and application have any idea of. It is very difficult for a modern civilized man, because it is so difficult for him to be himself, to retain

under the immense compulsion of his surroundings the conviction of the value and importance of his own personal reaction. It is not difficult for savages and children to be artists, but it is difficult for the grown-up civilized person to be one. The whole process of education is in fact antagonistic to this personal reaction. Education consists, indeed, in extending the individual experience by communicating the accumulated stores of human experience. In face of the wealth and richness of this second-hand experience, the individual tends to lose sight of his own immediate contacts, so that it would be almost true to say that by maturity the average civilized man has replaced most of his sensations by opinions.

This process is obviously desirable in itself, and, indeed, necessary to prepare the individual for the complex and highly organized relations of civilized life. The question is whether there might not go on parallel with this another kind of education, the object of which would be the exploration and realization of the individual powers of reaction to experience. I know too little of education in general to know how far this idea is already at work modifying the methods in use, but for the question of Art teaching it is vital and fundamental.

Could an Art teacher not *teach* anything at all, but educate the native powers of perception and visualization of his pupils merely by exciting and fixing their attention? The question was answered for me some years ago when I first came across the drawings done by the Dudley High School girls under the tuition of Miss Marion Richardson. I say 'under the tuition' by mere conventional habit. 'Intuition' would be nearer the mark, because Miss Richardson, being a peculiarly honest, hard-headed, and skep-

tical young woman, reflected, when she found herself appointed Art teacher to a large school, that she did n't know what Art was, and had certainly nothing that she could confidently hand over to her pupils as such. She therefore set to work to interest them in their own personal vision, especially the mental vision which occurs with the eyes shut, without giving them any hints as to what that vision should be. In this way she has encouraged in her pupils the most extraordinary acuteness and definiteness of mental imagery, so that a poem read to them or a description given sets up in their minds such vivid images that they can draw and color them with an ease and sureness of hand and a logical use of their material that go far beyond the skill acquired by laborious practice in the ordinary way.

That the children get by this process an intense interest in Art and poetical imagery is surely in itself a satisfactory result, and one that can hardly be claimed for the orthodox methods of teaching. But I think what would surprise the schoolmaster most would be that, so far from Miss Richardson's complete abandonment of all ideas of discipline producing careless or casual work, every drawing that I have seen shows a passionate application, and often a research for new technical possibilities, such as could never be got out of the best pupil from a sense of duty. And when one reflects that most of these drawings are done in spare hours out of school, one cannot deny the efficacy of the method for the self-discipline of hard work. The fact is that the work the artist sets himself demands of him a much more concentrated effort than any that can be got out of a pupil by moral stimulus.

It is evident to any who have studied children's drawings that the majority of them are more or less artists until

they begin to be taught Art. It is also true that most savages are artists. But both children and savages are so easily impressed by the superior powers of civilized grown-ups that they can, with the greatest ease, be got to abandon their own personal reactions in favor of some accepted conventions. So that although they are artists they are weak and imperfect artists. The wider outlook and deeper self-consciousness which education gives to the civilized provide them at once with a richer spiritual material to draw upon and a firmer hold upon any direct experience which they may succeed in retaining. So that though it is, as I said, much more difficult for the civilized man to become an artist, yet when once he is one he is more sure of his ground, less affectible and less capricious; and, finally, having had to digest a much wider experience his art is altogether richer and more complete than that of savages and children.

The problem for Art teaching, then, must be how to preserve and develop the individual reaction to vision during the time when the child is also receiving the accumulated experience of mankind, and so to enable at least a few of them to pass from being child-artists to being civilized artists. That this would be the case with only a small minority is probable, but such a training as I have suggested would provide even the average child with a possibility of understanding and enjoying Art far more keenly than the ordinarily educated man does at present.

The Athenæum

TO-DAY AND DISILLUSION

BY OSBERT BURDETT

ONE of the notes of our modern literature which, perhaps, can be best observed in the nineteenth century, is the note of disillusion. How far we

seem now from the jubilant crowing of Macaulay, whose 'rejoicings' a slightly later writer has compared 'to those of a prosperous shopman over the increase of his business.' The same critic went on to say that recent advances of science were 'mainly mighty means for petty ends,' an observation which, however just, is not one that Macaulay would have thought of. The note of disillusion is struck in different keys and for different reasons by Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Swinburne; but though it may be heard, of course, in previous poets, too much, indeed, having been made of Shakespeare's personal 'sadness,' yet this disillusion is not exactly a personal thing. It is the absence of a positive quality rather than a sense of personal loss, and in this sense nineteenth century literature is dominated by it. Disillusion, indeed, is symptomatic of the modern mind, of which Shakespeare is the first example. This modern mind dates roughly from the Council of Trent, because that Council was the last attempt to order life upon a general theory. Since that time, as Shakespeare's works show, men have been occupied not with a theory of life but with its fragments, not with man (and a theory of virtue) but with one another, so that people have opinions not ideas, and for the most part are unaware of the premises which their opinions imply, and how these opinions react upon, or (it may be) contradict, one another. It is this absence of a general theory of life which lies at the root of modern disillusion. It is this which makes us unable to see the wood for the trees, and leads us in the end to see in thought itself an intellectual malady. Without a general theory we are as one who has lost his way in a wood, fatigued, not knowing which way to turn, and without hope of discovering our true direction. The

ensuing mood is one of disillusion, which may be studied in its later, largely subconscious, development in the nineteenth century, in which, moreover, its climax was reached.

Shelley suffered from that *amour de l'impossible* which made him describe himself as one

desiring

More in this world than any understand.

But is there really a general theory in Shelley, and was the critic wrong who asserted his philosophy to be 'pinnacled dim in the intense inane'? In Byron the mood degenerated to ennui, and is crude and unmistakable. Keats was preoccupied, as the susceptible of the modern age are apt to be, with the surfaces and textures of beautiful natural or artistic things, being indeed a man to whom the ripeness of a peach meant more than a work of art means to many people. To him, therefore, 'to think' was 'to be full of sorrow, and those words strike the note which dominates nineteenth century literature.

The writers who slipped over the border of the eighteenth century in part escaped the contagion which is confessed by their successors. We hardly find it in Blake. Wordsworth broods like the spirit of contemplative ecstasy over Nature and mankind. He does not, like lesser intellects, fall into particulars, and in such an utterance as:

Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And has the nature of infinity,

there is a grave joy, the sense of affirmation and repose, which rises far above the mood of melancholy. It is this receptive detachment in him which most impresses us. We may see in it, in its highest relief, in his patriotic poems, the finest in our language—patriotic poems wholly free from partisanship, from the least attempt to

make political capital out of the events which occasioned them. How pure they are, and how little do they flatter the British Nation! The twenty-first sonnet dedicated to Independence and Liberty, indeed, contains as severe an indictment as has been leveled against us, notwithstanding its saving clause which was necessary to make the poem, after all, a call to arms. They are poems of England, of the Old Country, not of Great Britain the Imperial Power. Scott, too, was untroubled by opinions. He was a born story-teller with the passion of a local antiquary. The expeditions of his youth in search of Lowland ballads remind us of the later wanderings of Irish writers, tracking from cabin to cabin the variations of an ancient legend.

The two noteworthy mid-Victorian writers who most escaped the prevailing tendency were Morris and Dickens, though much of the humor of Dickens was intended, let us remember, to force us to recognize evils which were escaping attention. The realities over which it plays are depressing enough. Beside this, he set the picaresque novel against the background of a modern London street, and the adventurous imagination which finds this form congenial delights in mere living too much to demand, or feel the loss of, a general theory. As Mr. W. H. Davies, like Dickens, exists to remind us, disillusion is not within the capacity of the (grown) child. Patmore was in possession of a general theory; but he does not wholly escape, because he felt its loss in his contemporaries, and this led him to declare that 'in worldly matters, evil has always been too strong for good'; though he refused to let that fact disturb him. The real exception is William Morris, whose wistfulness is that of a man to whom death can never be 'a little thing,' because life can be so good while it lasts. It is only a

shadow cast by a cloud in the prevailing sunlight. Samuel Butler, to whom any resurrection, however blessed, would be 'the disturbance of a still more blessed slumber,' has not Morris's happy assurance. He strikes the Laodicean mean in his insistence that no literary effect is 'cheaper' than that of exaggerating either the lights or the shadows of life. To Morris, to point the contrast, the lights and shadows raised no question except that of their own loveliness.

Readers of Borrow, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Landor, Trollope, the serious George Eliot even, may urge exceptions in their favor, but there must be a debatable border to the subject, and the tendency is unaffected by such claims. If the absence of a general theory is apparent in their work, the negative quality (which Shakespeare exemplifies) will be present. It is an atmosphere charged with disillusion, into which it may, or may not, finally condense. Carlyle, in the absence of a general theory, falls back despairingly upon the panacea of heroism, which he urges us to follow but does not satisfactorily define. It is his one point, but only the germ of a theory; hence the exasperation which he felt, and the untempered quality of his later style. In Tennyson the note, with its accompanying doubts and hesitations, is intrusive. Ruskin, unlike a happy, that is to say an affirmative, writer, is often in a scold. Yet we are not loud about deep convictions, rather we repose on them in consciousness of strength. The buoyancy of Browning and of Meredith are self-confessedly efforts to stem the current which they oppose. There is only the fragment of a theory in Browning. His *Men and Women* is the latest edition of Shakespeare's *dramatis personæ* over again. Like Shakespeare, he cannot see the wood for the trees. Stevenson's gayety

was the brave reaction of a sick man. It has not the peace of spontaneity, and supports itself, therefore, on the prop of a brilliant artificial style. Such a style differs from greater styles in that an artificial style is one that calls attention to itself. A true style is one that is wholly intertissued with its substance, so that it is the substance, not the style, which, at first, carries us away. Matthew Arnold's note is not affirmative. His gospel of culture is an emphasis on the need for a general theory, which it does not itself supply. His appeal for balance implies confusion; and his invitation to us to see the subject as in itself it really is makes a call upon our courage as much as an appeal to our impartiality. We carry away rather a consciousness of the complexity of the issues than any general theory concerning them. The gravity is deeper and more wistful in the tapestry of Pater, who reacts to the shadow of uncertainty by enlarging upon the beauty peculiar to all shadows! To him the art of different periods is the record of the transient moods of man. Our sole chance lies, therefore, in the degree of our susceptibility. In its comparatively coarse way, the Omar of FitzGerald gives expression to the same mood. There is no more joyless poem in the language. Once this point was reached, we should expect the turn of the tide. Thus in James Thomson the energy of the rhythm defies the gloom which it describes. Complementary to this is the movement of Rossetti's verse, which may be compared to that of a dreamer stirring in a troubled sleep.

If, then, the literature of the period was indeed a haunted literature, with disillusion for its spectre or refrain, we should expect the arrival of an imaginative writer who would carry the tendency, which was implicit in Pater and FitzGerald, a step farther, one in

fact who would literally make a *virtue* of Necessity, and invite us to recognize the beauty of a tragic conception of human life. This is that which Hardy's art has achieved. He has adopted the Greek conception of Fate in the terms of its modern equivalent, wherein the intricacy and web of natural laws and chance circumstances, at work even more within us than without, replaces the old conception of an external controlling Destiny, and is heightened because the new Ananké, in a subtler and more mysterious sense, has man always in its toils. A motto for the Wessex novels might be found in the following: 'Natural laws we shall never modify; but there is still something in the nobler or less noble attitude with which we watch their fatal combinations.' A salt is added to the tragedy by the author's peculiar irony. To others it has been sufficient for a tragedy that a reprieve should not arrive till too late. To Hardy it must arrive while the man is falling through the air. His characters, when they endure to the end, are dignified because they have been spared nothing, and thereby assume for us the 'nobler attitude,' which, to Pater, was the 'something' heroic that still remained possible for modern man. Under Mr. Hardy's spur we are driven to accept ourselves as nobler than the chances which have us at their mercy, and to see the tragedy of life to consist in the emergence of creatures more sensitive than the destiny which has evolved them: a tragic partnership to which man and destiny are alike immitigably bound.

In the later writers the emphasis is so pronounced, the disillusion, if I may say so, is so confident, that a further and more immediate cause suggests itself. This cause, I think, is to be found in a volume which occupies a small space in literary histories, though

a large one in its own field. The book to which this confidence may be related was *The Origin of Species*. The exultation expressed by Macaulay had begun to wane with the creation of its national monument, the Crystal Palace, which was opened in 1851. *The Origin of Species* was published in 1859, the year of Macaulay's death. During these eight years the tide turned. After 1851 belief that all was well with modern progress turned to doubt. After 1859 the complacency of the century was definitely smitten, for, with the publication of *The Origin of Species*, the revolt against the system became conscious, because the effect of the book (unintended by Darwin) was to make the system understood. What happened? There is no need to recall the sensation with which this book was received nor how it eclipsed *The Vestiges of Creation*, which had been published fifteen years before. But when a technical treatise is immediately and widely popular, it is no discredit that an element of luck should have contributed to its success. In the case of Darwin's book this can be resolved into the reaction which followed when the Crystal Palace, the symbol of progress and prosperity, was proved to be indeed a palace of glass, and to the favorable position of the author who belonged to the class which does not have to swim against the stream. If we read the book to-day with fresh minds, as though it had been written yesterday, we cannot but feel a momentary surprise that it should have been a popular success. It has no charm of manner. The style is often slovenly, and the arrangement often confused. The reason for its welcome is to be found, of course, in the two doctrines which quickly became popular catchwords — the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. These were popular because they

seemed to give a scientific sanction to the prevailing industrial system. In the midst of that squalor it was some relief to believe that the facts against which the human spirit was rebelling, that the *laissez-faire* system which had caught men in its toils was in the nature of things, and that the conditions for which man could find no interior sanction had the sanction of inevitability, notwithstanding some surviving memorials from a seemingly happier past. So, after eight years of comparison with them, the Crystal Palace began to look foolish.

At this moment of reaction, the hour was ripe for a rationale of the situation, even if that rationale seemed to justify it. A theory was wanted, and it was found. In *The Origin of Species* the industrial system seemed to find its Bible, and in its pages men learned that the world of Nature was also ruled by *laissez faire*. The news came, too, with the infallibility of 'science,' 'fact' and 'observation.' The claim to certainty still rested on revelation, but revelation was now the perquisite of science. The new prophet was the professor, and the stern tables of the law which he brought from his observatory fitted in extremely well with men's everyday experience of life. True, the prophet seemed to deify luck, and to confirm their despair, but at all events he did confirm it. Anarchy was the order of the universe. The suspense was over. The worst was known.

Whether such inferences were fairly drawn from *The Origin of Species* is not here in question. That they were drawn, and that they contributed to the popularity of the book, does not admit of serious doubt. More was in question than the historical accuracy of Genesis. The deeper question was whether the Christian or the *laissez-faire* commercial code was better suited to modern society; and people forgot

that these two codes, when crudely interpreted, do not exhaust the alternatives. In the result, the traditional code, the first great challenge to which the Council of Trent sought to answer, received its second, and seemingly fatal, blow. The tremors from that blow reverberated through literature. The course traveled by the modern mind was complete, and its two ends are the Tridentine Council and *The Origin of Species*. It fixed a mood which grew (all but unquestioned) till it reached the climax of disillusion in the war. The anarchy which he predicted of Nature was seen to be the rule of human affairs. But the war was too bad to be true. It reminds us that Matthew Arnold's plea for a general theory cannot be evaded. What Darwin taught in the sphere of thought, the war illustrated in the sphere of action. Our choice now is seen to lie between a general theory or chaos. But the meaning of modern thought and the character of nineteenth-century literature cannot be understood unless related to the centre round which controversy eddied exactly sixty years ago.

The New Statesman

FOR INTELLECTUAL FRANCE

BY PAUL BOURGET

DAY by day symptoms of the harm which certain political errors are working to the intellectual life of France are multiplying. This pernicious influence does not work directly. The sinister phrase once addressed to Lavoisier, 'The Republic has no need of scholars,' has not been pronounced. Quite on the contrary, the epithet 'scientific' is played up by every artificer of the new world with a really touching candor. Nor have we seen André Chenier undergo the trial whose records Sainte-

Beuve transcribed with a shudder, 'faithfully, with all its turpitudes of sense and spelling, with all its signs of stupidity and barbarism. Perhaps these violences were less fatal to the future of civilization, than these of to-day will be, if they are suffered to continue. The violence of to-day will do nothing less than make the existence of the scholar and the cultivated man more and more difficult by profoundly changing the conditions in which these two social types can live. This problem is too wide to be dismissed with a short essay. I aim merely to point out certain elements of it. To provoke reflection on the matter is the only result which these notes aim to achieve.

I spoke of symptoms; here are two which have been but little commented upon. Yesterday, it was the price of books which was under discussion, and the resolution (since abandoned) of certain publishers to charge seven francs. Before the war a book cost but three and a half francs. There is a matter of a hundred per cent increase. To-day, we have the conflict between the theatrical directors and the *Fédération des Spectacles*. Into what do these conflicts, one over books, the other over plays, finally resolve? The exploitation of a work composed, or let us better say, created by an author. In both cases the essential person is the author. It is to be remarked that the demands which make the printing of books an exceedingly costly matter and are about to crush the theatre with a gigantic financial burden do not originate with him. It is not the author who cries for an augmentation of his gains; it is the typographer, the machinist, the man who would have nothing to do if the author had not striven hard to produce a new value, a value impossible to replace even materially. A Balzac, a Dumas, a Hugo

are the begetters of a unique wealth. What the reader buys, when he pays at the bookseller's counter for a copy of *Le Pere Goriot*, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, or *Les Misérables* is the thought of the romancer; his imagination, the tissue of his genius, his labor, even. The paper manufacturer, the printer, and the binder are but secondary figures, necessary ones to be sure, but everyone of them, I insist, *replaceable*. The author, no. Even so *Le Demi Monde*, *Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier*, *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, are the younger Dumas, Angier, and de Musset. The theatre in which the drama is played, the costumes, the actors even, are again but secondary matters. Let us now define the rivers through which the central waters make their way. The true source is the author's thought, and the exploitation of that thought has for its final aim neither money nor glory, but the aggrandizement of the national culture. The intelligence of the nation, to use a mathematical phrase, is but the sum total of the individual minds which compose it. Strike at these, and you strike at the other.

Study, then, the two symptoms, commercial in each case, which I have noted, and see with what consequences they are laden. If a book is priced too high, its sale will surely be lessened; and this diminution of its sale will have three effects. Being less sold, the book will be less read, the thought with which it is laden will be less spread abroad, and this will mean a diminution of the general culture of the nation. Moreover, dear books mean a lessening of the nations' influence abroad. Worst of all, such a situation means a lessening of the authors' independence. This independence, so necessary to an author's work, springs from the revenue earned by his writings. In his *Avenir de l'Intelligence*, M. Charles

Maurras has ably shown how that independence is already limited by the fact that success means an accord between an author and his public, and that success only too often means the docile descent of the author to the level of the public than the contrary. If a writer is to give his best to the world, a serenity of atmosphere which can only be made possible by financial ease must be his. In his old age Théophile Gautier used to say, 'It was, perhaps, the matter of daily bread which prevented mine from being one of the four great names of the century. For thirty years I have had to scatter myself about.' What a plaint, heart-breaking for its heroism, rises from the pages of Balzac, the plaint of the artist of genius obliged to improvise in order to live. This improvisation may not hinder his genius, but does it help it to flower? Might not Barbey D'Aurevilly have developed the great romance which lay in him if he had not been tied down to tedious journalism? 'One must live,' he groans in a letter to Trebutien. 'Cruel, horrible, abominable necessity. The word explains all. I need the money, I must stay here, for I have not the five hundred francs a month which would enable me to deliver myself from the atmosphere of stupidity and trickery in which I live.' Such cries of despair, uttered by such men, cause to be better understood the danger that lies in attacking the humble interests of those who live by their pen. In imposing upon theatre managers and publishers conditions which restrain their enterprise, it is against the author that the strike leader combats. It is the author they destroy, and through him, themselves.

The leaders of those other strikes whose incessant pressure has reduced production and loosed among us the plague of the high cost of living, deal the national culture still another blow.

If the present conditions persist, we shall suffer an irreparable falling away in the recruitment of the liberal professions. It is already said that the cost of printing medical theses is too great for the large majority of students. But it is these very students who will of necessity become rarer as the years pass. Those of my time who lived in the Latin Quarter may recall the modest budgets of other days. For twenty-five or thirty francs a month, the future doctor or lawyer was comfortably lodged. 'Pension' rates of ninety francs were a luxury, those of seventy francs were the usual rule. Let us consider this. A provincial family, though only fairly well-to-do, could under these conditions maintain at Paris a son of the future. In the same way, a young man of letters could exist during his apprentice years by teaching others the Latin and Greek he learned at college. I saw that admirable workman of ideas, Brunetiere, thus prepare for the mastery of his maturity. It was just after the war of 1870 that he accepted this struggle for his ideas. Would he undertake it to-day? Could he do so?

And yet, what France needs to repair the terrible losses she has suffered in her educated youth, is students in sciences and letters, professors, intellectuals; and in whatever direction you turn, you are confronted by the barrier reared before them. And by whom? By other workers, who do not understand that, while they believe that they are achieving an amelioration of their lot, they are really making it worse. The worth of the intelligence of a society is the measure of the worth of the society itself. Lessen this intelligence, and inventions will be less numerous and less valuable, sentiments will become less refined and less elevated; the grossness of men's appetites will grow more brutal and de-

structive, and the great truths which maintain the social compact will disappear.

The hideous spectacle presented by the state of anarchy in Russia proves, by means of the most shocking evidence, where nations end which allow themselves to be governed from below.

We hasten to add that while there are in France many symptoms which justify anxiety, there are many also which justify the hope of a rebirth of common sense. We have not yet, God be praised, reached the time foretold by Balzac when that seer detected behind the liberal delusions of the Monarchy of July (1830) the possibility of Bolshevism. The word had not then been invented, but how clearly the author of the *Comédie Humaine* described the ghastly thing when he said: 'A proletariat disaccustomed to human sentiments, with no other god than envy, with no other fanaticism than the despair born of hunger, will come forth and plant its foot in the heart of the country.'

The best way to forestall this catastrophe would be suicide, that is, in order to safeguard the country's heart, to defend first of all its brain. This defense must extend from the great to the small. A book-shop, a theatre, a laboratory, are humble citadels, making little show, it is true; but what is a frontier, if not a line of small fortresses? And to strengthen ourselves against the peril pointed out by our great novelist, let us take to heart the noble expression which our great scientist Pasteur gave us of the national solidarity between the man of science and his fellow citizens: 'If science has no country, the man of science should have one. To it he should give the credit for the influence which his labors may have in the world. Aye; it is in very truth, a French frontier which one defends in defending French in-

telligence, and those who work with their brains against the divagations of those who work with their arms. The country belongs to all alike, and in doing harm to one another, it is their country to whom they do harm.

L'illustration

ENGLAND'S MOST LOVELY ISLAND

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

THE trees turn their branches away from the cliffs as if aghast; the trunks, bent double at the middle by an age of fog and wind, make uncompleted trailing archways over the sunken lanes. A white mist blows upward, pours upward, hurries upward from the sea, driven by a voluble northwest wind. It is not cold, it is not harsh, but it wraps you and breathes upon you and breathes over you. The long-drawn calls of the Guernsey fog-hooters boom faintly and plaintively in the ears. For all round the ten miles of our wild, broken line of coast the waves are breaking on half-hidden rocks. Under foot, everywhere, are rain-washed primroses, sea-pinks, and hyacinths, all in such unexampled abundance that their bright blossoms have changed the color of every valley and nook and bank. And in the range of the eye is the fringe of a land ocean of golden gorse, looking smoky and sleepy in the fog as the vision of a dream. The whole island is high above the sea, a tableland from which the way to every shore is precipitous or broken. The waves cannot be seen from the height of the cliff — but the waves can be heard through the fog, roaring into chasms and gullies, and breaking in indescribable confusion upon rocks. The white foam-scud like light petals or down is racing through the air and mingling and dancing in the chiffon-

like mist. Every rock is wet and dank and slippery, and the foam petals settle against them high up and dissolve like large flakes of snow and sleet. Lower down upon the cliffs other cliffs are visible, and anon the foaming, hurrying, tumultuous white waves. On the rocks, dejected and miserable, the white gulls sit huddled in twos, unmoving, uncalling, while down below on the sea all is milk-white. Each wave that arrives tiger-like, bounding and clawing and ravishing, is white right through — one great, mad, life-bound spray. The sunken rocks are surrounded with the intensity of sea-fury. The long, narrow channels along which the constricted billows rush, carrying long, roaring masses of ravening white foam, are like so many white trains arriving and destroying themselves. The promontories of black, low-lying rocks which defeat the sea are scenes of the greatest adventure, for whole waves lift themselves bodily on to the top of them and collapse in a whiteness as of overset churns of milk. In the vast caves and chasms, of which there are so many, the echoes of the sea and the confusion at their entrances resound from crimson or green roofs. The devil's cauldron is assuredly and decidedly as it is named, and outside the last ring of the whirlpools, in those accidental calm points in the grand confusion, the yellow froth of dragons' mouths accumulates — banks of clotted yellow foam which you could hit with a stick if you could get near to them. It is from these perhaps that the wandering white petals arise on the wind.

It is not, however, always so or lastingly so; the fog mysteriously ceases to rise and at the change of the tide the wind moderates, the sky becomes visible, its clouds receive mysterious *congé* from the sun and, making low curtsies in their long, trailing dresses

of white, withdraw from the royal presence. The islets and the rocks are left free, the blue sky discloses itself, the flowers lose their tears, the gorse burns golden for a league. The island is only a league in length — but it is one marvelous sequence of the flaming bush of God. The storm is as if forgotten and as if no sea fog had ever dimmed the brightness of the skies. All becomes serene. All becomes unutterably lovely, as if Eden had been unexpectedly re-created after wrath and sin. Even the sea soothes its passion and relents toward the rocks, and is content in the channels and ceases writhing where the whirlpools were. It reflects heaven's blueness once more, and the tiny white wings which dart and poise and glide. For the gulls have become happy again and dance over the waves. The mother island of Guernsey is visible once more and the horns have ceased to give their lugubrious warnings. The high rocks dry while the lower rocks are revealed, shaggy with green weed. It is possible to climb down to the shore; fisher boats put out again. The sunlight invades all the shadowy parts of the sea, making ever larger the sun's sparkling empire. Away to the south gleam the white shores of France and, if you have good eyes, or if with ordinary eyes you mount the tower of the seigneur, you may descry the spire of the cathedral of Coutance, in Normandy, at which sight in olden time, when the island was in that diocese, you made, if you were devout, the sign of the cross.

It is the island of Sark, most beautiful of all the islands about the British coasts. It was discovered by some Abbot Sampson in the days of the splendor of the Normans, and he gave it to St. Magloire, and it became an island of monks and hermits. All little islands were hermitages in the Middle

Ages, and the more inaccessible the more welcome: Anchorites lit the first lighthouse lamps and tolled the first warning bells, and sailormen drifting toward perilous rocks blessed God and the monks when the warnings were observed, and steered a better course. For seven hundred years this patch of loveliness, called Sercque, was yet another Holy Island and, like Iona and Lindisfarne, was consecrated only to God. Seven hundred years of prayers and then there came a change. All Europe sounded with church bells, and every road had its pilgrims. There was an age of faith and then, I suppose, as was natural, a gradual weakening and relaxation toward an age of beauty, power, and pleasure. It became unfashionable for French monks to live on desert islands, and Sercque was abandoned, and this little Eden ceased to be a chosen spot for the fighting of Satan and the world.

When the monks went the pirates came. Sark became a most unholy island, and the spire of Coutance gleamed in vain from the bright Norman shore. The devils whom the monks had defied and annoyed took their vengeance. No vessel plying between England and the islands but was in danger of being boarded by the island bandits. Many a treasure of gold and a cask of good wine did the pirates bring back to the many colored caves and wild rocks of the island.

Sark, then, as ever, was practically inaccessible because of its sheer cliffs and its thousands of hidden rocks and rapid currents. Certainly no one could land on the island without the good will of those on shore. So for many years the pirates defied all comers and gained a large quantity of spoil.

However, in course of time vengeance was taken on these desecrators of holiness and murderers of innocent seamen. A boatful of determined men

from Sussex set out fully armed to fight the sea dogs. And they lay off the Eperquerie with flag at half-mast, and a swimmer went ashore to say that the master of their vessel had died at sea, and inquired whether he might be buried in consecrated soil. This was part of a stratagem, for in truth the captain was perfectly hale and hearty, but his death was feigned as a ruse to get ashore. The pirates said they might bring their master in and bury him, but no weapon of any kind must be brought. 'For,' they reasoned, 'once he is buried, what is to prevent us falling upon these simple souls and securing whatever is on their ship.'

The boatmen made a coffin and filled it with weapons, and then came ashore, apparently unarmed, but with all their arms in the heavy coffin which they bore. The hearse was put down in the chapel which the monks had years since abandoned. Some of the pirates looked on curiously, but before they had time to give an alarm and without any prayers or hymns each boatman took a weapon from the coffin, and the captain, far from dead, led them to the destruction of the bandits. The enemy, taken unawares, divided and ran to the rocks and the caves. There was shouting and screaming of alarm and cries of vengeance and defiance, and then silence. The men of Sussex killed all whom they could find, and they stayed on the island some days and brought the pirates' treasures to the ship and then sailed away home to England.

For two hundred years neither God nor devil knew the island. It was utterly uninhabited and belonged to Nature alone. Only in the reign of Good Queen Bess a certain Sieur de Carteret re-discovered it and surveyed it and obtained a charter for it, and he with forty other families took possession of Sark, and in the hands of

their descendants it remains till this day.

It still has its seigneur, its forty tenants, its ancient feudal laws, its immunity from interference from abroad. As the people lived in the sixteenth century so they live to-day — in a veritable cobweb of conservative law. They cannot sell their property without the consent of all their relatives; if a stranger builds a house on the island he loses his rights to it after ten years; for every chimney in the house you must give the seigneur *poulage*, that is, a chicken every year; the seigneur will have a tenth of your sheaves and a tenth of your cattle each year; you must have his consent before marriage. He for his part is above the law. If you do not draw your blinds at curfew he may fire at your windows with a shot-gun, and you could get no redress against him, unless you could lure him over the waves into the jurisdiction of Guernsey. He is above the law — the only genuine seigneur existent to-day. A curious people the Sarkese, with their seigneur, their seneschal and greffier and court of forty property holders, speaking a sort of original Norman-French, unenterprising, unambitious, happy in the old, not religious, not piratical, not even commercial, but dull. They have more affinities in France than Britain. When you look from Sark itself to the native of Sark one is obliged to confess, O how unlike you are to one another!

The island is wasting into the sea. At the wasp-waist of the coupé it is a miracle how the two parts of its body hold together. At a touch from the foot, whole boulders can be loosened and sent plunging and splintering to the sea. Its material substance is all frayed and broken, and channeled and eaten away. That rare spiritual beauty which is featured along its marvelous shores comes from the sufferings of the

very body of the island. It is a rare glory to be only three miles in length and yet show ten miles of loveliness. Those deep, dark caves, which may be only visited at low tides, are as it were self-explorings of Sark. The little island has been searching its own heart. By the doorways in the rocks and the long, low channels you may swim from sea to sea and experience to experience. In the deep and lovely pools you may learn innocence and calm. But the wild seas worked those doorways, and the chalices which hold those lovely wells of purity were hollowed by the intensity of the struggling sea. It is first of all a spiritual island, and has a beauty which arises from its own suffering and destruction.

Or look at it again from a more sombre point of view; it has its *creux terrible*, its great pit of despair and mere internal landslide which, as it were, reflects the moral landslide of the monks' abandonment. It has its sinister stormy cape, where the pirates used to land, and the huge ugliness of the caves, called *Les boutiques*. It has the morbid and haunted cave of lamentations, where you can still hear the choking agony of the pirates who were killed. It was a holy island. It is a pirate island.

Or look once more and with unclouded eyes. All that you thought earlier is embraced and confirmed and ratified or forgiven in one great loveliness, the loveliness of the smiling face with which the island looks to the sky, the loveliness of the myriads of wild flowers and of the flaming gorse. In these it is neither monk's nor pirate's island, neither God's nor devil's, but Nature's and that is both.

And the true inhabitants of to-day, the successors of holy and unholy men? No, they are not the heavy fisher folk with their patois. These are an accidental people with their ridiculous laws

of property. The true inheritors are the artists and the poets, those who have eyes that can see, ears that hear, tongues and lips which can sing and give praise.

The King's Highway

LORD LOREBURN'S VIEW OF SIR EDWARD GREY*

THIS is the first book on the war written by a statesman of the first rank. It recapitulates with the judicial precision of an ex-Lord Chancellor the course of Britain's foreign policy between 1905 and 1914, and the terrible events that succeeded one another so rapidly between the murder of the Austrian Archduke at Sarajevo on June 25 and the outbreak of war on August 1, 1914. Nearly all of us are familiar with these facts: but the scenes were changed so quickly, and the stage was so crowded with figures, that Lord Loreburn has done the present and succeeding generations a real service by disentangling and rearranging, with all the skill of his profession, the capital events. Everybody should read the book, though everybody will not agree with the conclusions of its learned author.

It is an indictment of the system of secret diplomacy, and whether intentionally or not, it is an arraignment of Sir Edward Grey (for so we shall call him in this connection) at the bar of history. It is perhaps a little too early to pass dispassionate judgment on the actors in the tragedy. But in these days no one will wait: posterity is a back number.

Lord Loreburn is good enough to close his meticulous narrative with a summary of his conclusions, on pages 216, 217, 218, which may be condensed thus. The military masters of Ger-

many wanted war, but always on the condition that Britain remained neutral. 'On the formation of the Liberal Government on December 12, 1905, three Ministers — Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey — laid the foundation . . . for a policy of British intervention if Germany should make an unprovoked attack on France. They did this within a month, probably within a few days, of taking office, by means of communications with the French Ambassador and of military and naval conversations between the General Staffs of the two countries, who worked out plans for joint action in war if Great Britain should intervene. They did it behind the back of nearly all their colleagues, and, what really matters, without Parliament being in any way made aware that a policy of active intervention between France and Germany was being contemplated.' The result of this system of secret understandings was that in the last days of July, 1914, Russia and France were counting on our alliance, while Germany and Austria were counting on our neutrality. More than this. When Sir Edward Grey was assuring all the Ambassadors, and finally the House of Commons (August 3, 1914), that our hands were free to choose our action, our hands had for years been bound by the bonds of honor to stand by France. Belgium, which Mr. Lloyd George declared was the only reason for his agreeing to the war, had nothing to do with it, was a futility, an irrelevance, a decoy to catch the sentimentality of the British public, which would rather deceive itself by the idea that it was fighting for Belgium than for England. It may have been right, Lord Loreburn concedes, that this country should have a defensive understanding or even an alliance with France in 1906 or any subsequent year. But Parliament ought to have been

* *How the War Came.* By the Earl Loreburn. London: Methuen & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

told of it, not only that it might approve 'a new departure of tremendous importance,' but that it might authorize the government to make adequate preparation to meet its new liability. This seems to us unanswerable, and we can't see how anyone can differ from this conclusion. But when Lord Loreburn goes on to say that the war would not have occurred if a plain and firm declaration had been made by Sir Edward Grey either in July, 1914, or earlier, that England would fight for France, he deals in conjecture, and everybody will not agree with him. The fatalistic school, writers like General Homer Lea, would not agree with him, for they regard all big wars as inevitable; and they would say that in this case Germany had decided to fight and was glad of the chance of fighting England. We incline to Lord Loreburn's view. We are not sure about the inevitability of wars. We are disposed to agree with Mr. Bonar Law that 'if the war could have been postponed for ten or fifteen years it would never have been fought.'

This book is a very serious and authentic indictment, some will say, of the European system of secret diplomacy, others will say of Lord Grey as a diplomatist, and his quiescent, or acquiescent colleagues. We adopt the latter view. All diplomatic agreements must, *ex vi termini*, be secret. A mob cannot make an agreement; and nothing has been so secret as the Conference of Paris, or as the treaties made since 'the war to end all war' and to finish secret diplomacy. Look at the treaties made between England, France, Russia, and Italy to carve up the territories of the vanquished without the slightest regard to the principle of self-determination, or the wishes of the conquered territories! The country west of the Rhine: Constantinople, Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, the Dodecanese group

of islands, Dalmatia, the Tyrol, German Poland, all have been disposed of by secret treaties between the very Powers that pretended to be fighting for 'self-determination'! No; we are disposed to regard Lord Loreburn's indictment as leveled at the silence of Sir Edward Grey, and the government of which he was a member. Sir Edward Grey was the perfect type of Whig Secretary of State, contemptuously polite, and indolently confused. When anybody attempted to discuss European politics in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey's attitude differed according to his estimate of the Member of Parliament who raised the question. If Sir Edward Grey disliked the inquisitive person, or regarded him as a negligible quantity in politics, he waved him contemptuously down, with icy evasion. If he happened to be a political friend, he took him aside, and earnestly and pompously remonstrated with him on stirring a dangerous pool. To discuss foreign politics was always dangerous, according to Sir Edward Grey: and the House of Commons and the British public, always absorbed in parochial politics (such as Ireland and the Labor question), submitted to this Whig arrogance. Sir Edward Grey himself, all these years, dwelt in that twilight of half-formed politics, which is the natural atmosphere of the aristocratic Whig. Foreign politics are meat, not for the House of Commons but for their masters, the Whigs. This compound of pomposity, pride, and muddle-headedness is the tradition of the Foreign Office as ruled by Whigs. Sir Edward Grey is the lineal or, rather, political descendant in unbroken line of Lord Aberdeen, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Granville. This tradition allowed us to drift into the Crimean War, and into Armageddon. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a book on the war

(*Peace Conference Hints*), which is one of the best things he has written, describes Lord Grey as 'an amiable drifter.' Without the adjective, we concur in his definition of the statesman, whom we have sent to Washington in the most difficult crisis that has ever arisen in the relations between the United States and Great Britain. Let us pray that his peculiar diplomatic talent may not 'drift' us into a war with America, which would be even more terrible than the war with Germany.

As we have said, Lord Loreburn's indictment of Secret Diplomacy is serious and strong. The question may be raised, is he the person to draw the indictment? For six years Lord Loreburn was one of the most influential members of the Cabinet that was, after all, responsible for the secret ar-

rangements with France. If the Lord Chancellor is not in the secrets of the Cabinet, it must be his own fault. Lord Loreburn tells us, with unconcealed bitterness, that Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey did this thing behind his back. But Morocco ended in Algeiras; and the Agadir crisis was finished by the warlike speech of Mr. Lloyd George in the city. These were open and important events, under the nose of the Lord Chancellor. Why did he not ask this irresponsible and secretive triumvirate what they were about? Coyness is not the usual attribute of a lawyer, who has pushed his way to the Woolsack. Were we one of the triumvirate, Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, or Lord Grey, we should be inclined to parody a famous exclamation by saying 'Et tu, Bobe!'

The Saturday Review

SONG

BY J. C. SQUIRE

You are my sky: beneath your circling kindness
 My meadows all take in the light and grow:
 Laugh with the joy you 've given,
 The joy you 've given,
 And open in a thousand buds, and blow.

But when you are sombre, sad, averse, forgetful,
 Heavily veiled in clouds that brood with rain
 Dumbly I lie all shadowed,
 I lie all shadowed,
 And dumbly wait for you to shine again.

The Owl

TALKERS AND CONVERSATIONALISTS

BY DOUGLAS AINSLIE

What is conversation? Mystery! It is the art of never seeming wearisome, of knowing how to say everything interestingly, of pleasing with no matter what, of fascinating with nothing at all.—MAUPASSANT.

In my opinion, the majority of the Grand Panjandrums of Talk one has heard or heard about from boyhood onward, were quite incapable of the delicate art of conversation. They did not even know that it existed, because they had never listened with pleasure to anything but the echo of their own sonorous platitudes.

Such a personage as Gladstone, for instance, would get up a subject like Chinese Music, and start talking, with the inquiry to the hapless lady sitting next to him at dinner, as to what she knew of the art. The answer could only be of one sort, and that's the intolerable usurper of the rights of his fellow diners could hold forth by the half-hour upon a subject that very likely interested nobody present, and even if it had would have most probably profoundly bored them, thus dealt with by the most inartistic of our demagogues. In the background used always to lurk his accomplice-wife, ready to quell any possible rebellion upon the part of the company, with the remark that Mr. Gladstone could not tolerate interruption.

Lord Acton was first brought into notice by Gladstone, and I used to meet him frequently at my uncle's, the diarist and statesman, Grant Duff, when the latter was in office. He was not anything of a conversationalist, or for that matter of a talker. He gave one rather the impression of a vast,

overfed, swarthy boy, who had been stuffing all day at the intellectual tables of others, and could not find it in him to contribute, owing to repletion. He used to start devouring books as soon as the Athenæum Club was open of a morning, which would be about nine o'clock. He told me that he used to get through several volumes a day, and I well remember that Gladstone and others used to look upon this gormandizing as the sign of a prodigious intellect. It reminds one of Southey's condescending remark to the old Scottish lady, that he never wasted a moment of the day, but even dedicated the moments of his shaving in the morning to the acquisition of the Portuguese language. 'Eh, man! And when do ye think?' came the unsympathetic reply.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff did not, I should say, belong to either of the above categories of talkers and conversers. I should prefer to describe him as one of the best raconteurs that ever I came across. One of the best in that difficult and dangerous craft, because he always handled his material adroitly, never running aground on the shoals of ennui. I never remember his boring. I have heard him start one long historical anecdote after another, and studied the expression on the faces of those who were within reach of his rather low voice — many used to lean over to catch if possible what he

was saying. He owed this social triumph, I think, to his remarkably accurate memory for dates and names, and to the rule that he told me he had laid down for himself — always to tell a story in exactly the same words. Many of his anecdotes, of course, were personal dealing with the mid-Victorian world which he knew so well. All too many of the best of these he eliminated from his well-known diaries lest they might conceivably cause pain to surviving relatives of personages who had passed away even in his own time. He was *de trop bonne compagnie* — really too scrupulous in this respect for the feelings of others to have been quite fair to posterity, which has a right to the best of the flower of the mind, whether poppies or roses. I always regret that I did not suggest to him to leave a posthumous volume, which might now be published with perfect safety.

One turned more often to his end of the table than to the other, but I remember once venturing to ask Lord Acton, who was sitting out of earshot of the avuncular anecdotes and had been very silent throughout dinner, what he had been reading that day. To my astonishment, he replied that his time had been partly devoted to the study of *Tit-Bits* (he had probably devoured the entire journal from the date of issue), which had afforded him much pleasure and valuable information, which he had been unable to obtain elsewhere. It is true that after this damning admission, he hastily produced a recently published volume of metaphysics from one of his pockets, and turning to his neighbor on the other side, a commonplace Foreign Office clerk, tried to arouse his interest in the *Critique of Pure Reason*. He was, of course, unsuccessful, but the situation was saved, and Lord Acton again reinstated as omniscient. Poor Lord Acton, he was not a judge of

character, and, therefore, unselective in his conversation, though, as I have said, he often remained silent, yet on tap from those requiring moderately accurate information about anything from the constitution of œcumenical councils to that of crumpets.

Few, indeed, are those endowed with the divine gift for conversation, which implies, of course, the double gift of stimulating the thought of others, while developing one's own, of talking and of listening. Listening rightly — that is the difficulty, for it implies besides the aforesaid stimulation of interlocutors, the extraction from material apparently hopeless of brilliant remarks, of laughter-flashing repartees, which should touch the adversary as lightly as the buttoned foil. Such a talker as Charles Brookfield, for instance, was always fierce, and ready to cut away a bit of his opponent's nose if he left it unguarded. The temptation is, of course, very great to use such gifts unkindly, and of all the wielders of the spoken word that I have met, I can only recall two who always conversed with the button on the foil, but were not the less pungent for that. Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater were rich enough in intellect and imagination to dispense with this *practical* element in dialectic. For it is, after all, in the nature of a practical act to wound the susceptibilities of anyone while making the company laugh. We all know that it is possible to be funny about Cyrano's nose; but there are other incidents in his life that are equally funny and more interesting.

I propose to mention a few traits which rise to the memory in relation to these and to other personages whom I have met in the course of many years' wandering in Mayfair, the Corso, and the *Noble Faubourg*.

Few indeed, as I have said, were those who understood the art of con-

versation; they mostly bellowed in a solitude, which they prepared with frowns to accept the lustration of Behemoth.

The desired result was not always attained by force of lungs alone, and I remember how on one occasion I sat under the rhetoric of Francis Turner Palgrave. He used to go about the business in a more subtle but not less effective manner.

I had been lunching with Henry James, on the occasion in question, in De Vere Gardens, where at that time he had a flat. James was a great talker and had been holding forth in his own manner, which might be described as that of determined hesitation, without a pause, since the omelette. We were at the coffee stage when the lift-man came to say that Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave was waiting downstairs.

James ceased talking and placed his hand upon my shoulder with the gesture of suppressed apprehension so common to him.

'My dear boy,' he said, 'our — delightful chat — our — free interchange of views upon — yes, I think I may so — many of the — vital — questions — of the day — is — I regret to say — at an end: the greatest bore in London is coming upstairs. Don't go — please — indeed I — beg of you to have — pity — upon me — and stay — but I seize this — opportunity to — say — good-bye — for there may not — there almost certainly — will not — be another — opportunity.' Before I had time to make my first remark since we sat down to luncheon, we heard Mr. Palgrave tuning up as he removed his headgear in the hall. Ever vocal, he entered the room, with that splendidly firm grip upon the conversation that he never relaxed. It held on steadily, through James's attempts to soliloquize, in reply to the cordial Palgravian greeting that was extended to

him, and formed the prelude to a really fine oration that lasted possibly an hour or so. I had to leave after the first half-hour.

The method was masterly: it consisted in the use of the refrain. These refrains, selected from among the last five or six remarks made, were, of course, frequently varied. They were used as a sort of dam, wherewith to stay the current of any possible invading speech. It was thus rendered impossible, even for the most audacious, to break through while Mr. Palgrave was selecting his next theme. Another peculiarity of the Palgravian method of talk was that it was always sense, deplorably sensible, in fact, for it made one determined to hate and loathe those excellent and just views forever and ever.

James was always happiest, like many another less eminent person, when quite certain that whatever he said would be received with admiring sympathy and, above all, an inexhaustible patience, while he was fumbling about in his memory for what he believed to be the ideal word. Very often that which he selected would be so remote from the context that one had to think of what James must have rejected, in his determined pursuit of the exquisite and uncommon.

I shall never forget meeting him in my callow days upon the Rialto at Venice. We neither of us had an umbrella, and the weather looked decidedly threatening. James remarked that we had both sallied forth as Paladins to the fray, unarmed — and he here began fumbling — a lengthy pause, which I was imprudent enough to pierce — with the word umbrella. James immediately frowned; his brow assumed a critical and a puzzled aspect; he tapped upon the pavement with the toe of his boot; he looked up and down the canal, emitting the while strange little gur-

gling sounds, which connoted the throttling in his gizzard of harmless, excellent vocables, only too anxious to do service. Meanwhile the rain began, and I said: 'Well, it's an umbrella that I, at any rate, want at this moment.' With that I left him, to meet a little later at luncheon in the hospitable apartment of Mrs. Bronson, a delightful American lady, who used at that time to entertain a good deal in Venice. I have often wondered, but never liked to ask James, how long he stood upon the Rialto before the right word occurred to him. Yet I believe that I might have done this with perfect safety, for James was great-hearted—I never knew him to bear malice for the unkindest of thrusts. I think, too, that he always liked me, though I have caught him eyeing me with a sort of questioning surprise, when he heard me loud in the praises of such a writer as Flaubert, for instance, and apparently paying but scant attention to the flow of his own 'narration of occurrences.'

For years I used to meet him often in society. He generally sidled up to me with some quaint remark, some ultra-recondite joke about someone present. He had his *mauvais quarts d'heure*, though, like lesser men. I shall never forget his inviting me to his box on the occasion of the first performance of his play at the St. James's Theatre. The play, taken from some story of his own, was singularly undramatic—a delicate web of psychology, wound into a skein that the players failed to unravel to the taste of the audience, or at least of a certain section of it, for the author had his friends in the house. There were rude remarks rumbling upward from the pit and downward from the gallery during the first two acts, and the tone was distinctly unfriendly by the end of the performance. Alexander had an

important part and was, of course, included in this censure, as the actors always must be associated with the failure, as they are with the success of a play. We friends in the box, and others established elsewhere through the house, of course, loudly applauded at the fall of the curtain. Meanwhile James had slipped away somehow to the back of the stage, but we none of us expected what was about to happen. Wreathed in propitiatory smiles, and I fear perhaps led on by our friendly applause, he was imprudent enough to appear before the curtain, armed no doubt with an arsenal of Jamesian subtleties to be let loose upon an unappreciative public. For, as we know, James's witticisms were dependent upon at least a hundred yards of time-fuse before there was even the coruscation of a night light. There he stood, just mumbling and bowing, while the booing and cat-calling, which had been started somewhere in the pit, made the next few minutes hideous.

At last he seemed to have a dim apprehension that he was not being universally applauded—for we, of course, were doing our best in the way of counterblast—and withdrew, a surprised and dazed expression upon his face. Surprises were not over for the evening, however, for hardly had the excellent James disappeared, when George Alexander came before the curtain. Evidently he was in a bad temper, and his heavy jowl worked ominously as he bowed to the audience.

I forget the actual words that he used, but the gist of his remarks was that if the play had failed to please, then it was by no means the actors that were to be blamed, but solely the author.

I well remember gasping as I heard him, and feeling that for his sake I did not know which way to look.

James suffered that evening acutely,

I am sure, and I was always careful to avoid the subject, though his opinion of Alexander would have been entertaining had he liked to develop it of his own inception; but he never did.

James was a steady friend, and I used to see him from time to time at the Athenæum, up till near the end. I remember that about the time I began to publish my versions of Croce's books on the Philosophy of the Spirit, he came up to me one day, and sentimentously laying a gentle hand upon my shoulder, remarked: 'Ah, my dear Ainslie, I see that you are abandoning us who dwell — however modestly — be it well understood — upon the — slopes of — Parnassus — to — walk — with the — Stoics — in the — Portico.'

I replied (to my astonishment replied) that I had no intention of deserting that lowest slope that was mine, for between Parnassus and the Portico there is an ideal Bridge of Ivory, daily trodden in their coming and going by those of us who are poets and philosophers as well, as are so many, if they would but realize it.

James smiled and approached yet nearer, as though about to develop a counter-thesis of some sort, but, unfortunately, we were interrupted. This was almost the last time I saw him, looking rather strange to those who had been accustomed to the hair upon his face. To have shaved away this was a mistake: it suited his mask, as the French say.

This delightful muser aloud, as I think he might be called, really very much objected to musing in solitude, though he liked to be thought a recluse when he was living at Rye. I recollect his coming up to me and relating at great length how he had been dragged away from his solitude and his studies to attend the luncheon party of some duchess. I knew that he would not have missed it for the world, and there

was something almost touching in the persistence with which he continued to insist upon his tendencies to the ascetic habit. He must have had a dim apprehension of my skepticism, though, of course, I never uttered a word that he could have construed in that sense. Peace to his ashes. He was a kindly soul, and I shall always miss him and his art of eternal hesitation.

Stern moralists are not very common to-day, at least so far as my experience goes, and there are but few who openly assert their moral convictions, either attempting to guide others in paths to them excellent, or striving to divert them from what seems a bad course to steer. These are the saints, on a large or small scale. The saint is as rare as the poet, and, as in the case of St. Francis, he may be endowed with great artistic capacity as well. Below these is the immense crowd of the merely economic, whose desires are limited to the most obvious gratification of the senses. Above them, again, comes the philosopher, who deals with the pure thought of the world and so may in a sense be said to create it; for it is the thought of the philosopher which supplies much of his material to the poet and the novelist (these are theoretically, of course, one). From his lofty peaks filters down the vivifying stream and turns many a mill in the valley below that is all unconscious of the source of its supply.

And here, too, we find that it is a question of converse, of a dialectic or exchange of thought between folk, that really matters. There must be free expression, a free interchange of ideas, and the best of all methods is that of question and answer, which really amounts to criticism when it attains to its own loftier levels. In Great Britain there is too little opportunity for

this interchange of thought, because modern life is too strenuous in its demands upon the individual and he is reduced to the baldest forms of entertainment. Such are, for instance, at present provided by the uncultivated savages who rule the world of the theatre and prevent all works of distinction from seeing the light, because there is not so much 'money in them' as in some ridiculously tiresome farce that appeals to the base instincts of the majority. In a good play we see interesting types of humanity confronted with problems of varying degrees of difficulty and importance. The actor is only there to show us what he does materially in confronting these problems; his importance should not be exaggerated. Of course, it is the dramatist who really counts all through. Even by inferior acting a fine play is not altogether spoiled, providing one can hear the words and correct the faulty gesture and intonation of the actor. But a bad play, that is beyond the power of any acting to put on the level of the good play, though I do not deny that occasionally an actor may have so amusing a personality that he will create a sort of play within a play, as we watch his amusing attitudes and gestures, oblivious of the bad material with which he is working. That is ideal clowning.

It is all a conversation, whether we are listening to Christ upon the Mount of Olives, Spinoza upon God and his attributes, Shakespeare upon the character of Hamlet in the play of that name, or Benedetto Croce upon the nature of the æsthetic fact, or the identity of history and philosophy.

I have had the advantage of meeting and spending many days in the company of the last mentioned of these. He would be ready, I am sure, to endorse most of what I have been saying. He is always pointing out the necessity

for the maintenance of the dialectic, between reader and author, between talkers upon any given subject, between teacher and pupil. The reason for this insistence is that if the thought of the master is, as it were, swallowed whole, it fails to fructify; it must be subjected to the trituration of the thought of the pupil if it is to bear fruit in the brain of the latter.

I think it is important to drive this point home, because I find that a large number of my countrymen actively resent any criticism, in the sense of disagreement with their views. 'I have said it twice and, therefore, it must be right' is about as far as they will consent to go in reply to an objection which they may find it difficult to meet.

With Croce, on the other hand, just the opposite is the case. I have often heard some enthusiastic youth begin to intone a sort of hymn of praise of the philosophy of the spirit, but the philosopher will never let him finish, but always pulls him up with the inquiry, 'Well, that is right as far as it goes, but what thoughts has my thought suggested to you?' or, 'Have you read any of the other authors who have written upon the subject?'

This, I am sure, is the right method, and we should do well to refuse to tolerate from anyone, be they never so famous, that attitude of intolerant dogmatism that led George Meredith to cry out, when a lady ventured an opportune criticism of some paradox that he had been developing: 'Madame!' But she was perfectly within her rights in criticizing the remarks of the writer in question, and he outside his rights as a civilized human being in refusing to listen to what she had to say. Of course, a bar must be put to foolish or impertinent interruptions, but it will generally, I think, be found that people's own self-pride will pre-

vent their rushing in on such an occasion as the one above cited, unless they have really got a view to put forward.

The opposite extreme to such boorish intolerance as that of Meredith was to be found in Walter Pater. He could rarely be persuaded to converse, much less talk, in mixed companies; he must be sure of his quarry before letting any of his falcons fly. I remember him on many an occasion at Oxford and afterwards, even at his own table in Earl's Court Terrace, London, when assailed with a challenge or interrupted in any remark that he might gently be letting drop into the calm pool of the conversation. He used to give one look out of his curious blue eyes, small and brilliant as the sapphire eyes of an Indian god of old ivory—his pale complexion suggested the simile of the god—and then enunciate the invariable formula: 'No doubt you are quite right; I never saw the matter in that light before.' He simply disdained dialectic with anyone whom he suspected of belonging, however remotely, to the Philistine classes.

Having uttered the formula, he would lapse into a silence from which it was difficult to extricate him. But, on the other hand, I have never heard better conversation than that, say, between him and Oscar Wilde, in a small company, with, perhaps, Mr. Bussell of Brazenose College, intervening on the subject of Byzance, with one of those quotations from the Fathers in the original Greek, or citation from Achilles Tatius, very much to the point, and taken up lightly, as one lifts a diamond, by the brilliant dialecticians of the hour. And what hours they were! I have never heard better talk—a talk that ranged over land and sea, and 'touching nothing that it did not adorn.'

Among the reputations of that period at Oxford is one that should be

blown upon, both as regards wit and erudition. It is that of Professor Jowett, the Master of Balliol, who had a sort of claptrap Gladstone-bag reputation, accepted by the thinking and unthinking alike as quite infallible. I have stayed at Balliol and often heard him talk: he did not converse. He was fond of taking for a walk an undergraduate of scholarly reputation. I admit that I was rendered almost speechless with alarm upon the few occasions that the awful onus was laid upon my tongue, of conversing with the master for an hour at a stretch. For, as I said, he did not converse, and when he spoke, it was always some little set speech, of a commonplace nature, that was lapped up like Holy Writ by the University. I believe it to have been, as I said, a case of collective hypnotism. Mr. Bussell alone of that generation ever succeeded in dealing satisfactorily with the master. He was invited to one of the dreaded and unrefusable walks, and decided that since it was obligatory to talk, he would make all the running. He was at that time reading the Byzantine Historians, and feeling that he knew them better than anything else at the moment, started off with a list of those that had most interested him: 'Have you read *Achilles Tatius*, Master?' 'No,' chirped Jowett, and lapsed into silence. 'Have you read *Tertullian's Letter to the Churches of Cælesyria*?' The like response from the master. Then about five other historians, and the same negative to meet them all, concluding with: 'No doubt, Master, you are familiar with the works of the *Pseudo-Dionysus*?' 'No,' came again, like the responses to the Litany. Mr. Bussell then stopped, drew himself up and looked the Master straight in the eyes: 'Well, what *have* you read, Master?'

Here again it all came to the refusal

to engage in conversation, to that attitude of intolerant superiority to the company of the moment, unless it had some official sanction. Thus I have known Jowett to neglect giving any advice to students as to the value of reading for honors, when they were foolish enough to prefer taking the pass degree. A word from him of friendly encouragement would have done wonders upon this as upon many other occasions. On the other hand, if an undergraduate had ducal or political connections, there were no pains spared to secure him for the College, though, as a rule, he was quite worthless as an individual. Here again there was no free conversation; he acted upon the fixed formula that it was good to have young men of powerful families in the College. I think that spirit of favoritism would be speedily swept away, if a spirit of fair criticism or open discussion were allowed to take the place of the old intolerance. And not only at the Universities.

Of recent years the best conversation that I have heard has been in Italian and at Naples. There the world of the students and professors is a wonderfully vivid and variegated world. They are far more alert than the average of students elsewhere to catch the note of what is new or innovating in thought. And there, too, the dialectic of the streets is admirable. Croce describes two Neapolitans meeting. They greet one another with the usual rapid formula, and begin discussing the event of the day — political scandal, discovery, duel, or what-not. The first to get off with a remark has not quite reached the end of his phrase when the interlocutor has apprehended his full meaning. He is unable to restrain the response that is so ripe upon his lips, and out it flies to wrestle in the air with the last few

words of the friend's last sentence. The friend is as quick to seize and as quick to assassinate the end of the reply, and is again, in his turn, caught up, so that the conversation becomes faster and faster, and the use not only of the tongue, but of the arm, the hand, the whole body, is called in to eke out the expressions that are mutually strangled on both sides. Thus the friends end up by a series of movements that convey to them the whole sense, but are worse than Greek — worse even than the Neapolitan dialect — to those not versed in the ways and customs of Naples the astonishing.

But the serious side of Naples is not far to seek there, if one is fortunate to have the golden key of acquaintance with Croce, and I have often spent two or three hours in conversation with philosophers and poets who congregate around the table of the philosopher, during and after the evening repast. They take a seat anywhere that one is available, and the conversation begins, generally upon the review of some treatise or volume of poems that has just appeared. It is always carried on with the greatest animation, voices are raised to a pitch that in England would be thought highly indecorous, hands are waved to reinforce arguments, and not infrequently fists are clenched and thumped upon the table with a spasmodic fervor of intense conviction that would wring consent to the argument from any but a fellow Neapolitan. But the conversation does not end here; it is late and hot, this June evening, and we shall go for a stroll through the streets, down to the Marina, where the fresh air from the sea will revive the paling arguments of the defeated, but also put fresh energy into those of their opponents. And no one is ever quite defeated, so

long as his voice holds out and is by any means able to dominate the traffic, so long, above all, as he is sufficiently agile to dodge the hundreds of little, light chariots or *carroselle* that seem

To-day

to spring out of nothing and to surround the pedestrian with certain death, as he crosses the crowded thoroughfares of the City on the Blue Bay, the antique Parthenope.

THE ROCK OF FERGUS: A PICTURE FROM ULSTER

BY J. A. STRAHAN

THAT long and fair arm of the sea which is now called Belfast Lough was once called Carrickfergus Bay. The change in the name of the water marks a change in the position on the land. The great modern commercial city of Belfast has supplanted the small ancient mediæval city of Carrickfergus. Belfast a little more than a hundred years ago was little more than a village; it is now, as one of its most illustrious sons * said recently not merely one of the great towns of Ireland, but one of the great towns of the world. Carrickfergus has scarcely outgrown the ruins of its walls which were erected centuries ago to protect its English settlers against the Irish and Scots 'who are our enemies.'

Belfast stands a living proof that, notwithstanding the ruin which the Union is said by its foes to have brought upon Ireland, energy and enterprise there as elsewhere bring abundance and prosperity. And yet unmoving Carrickfergus has a longer if not a better lesson to teach; for it itself is Ulster in little, and its history is the history of Ulster writ small.

The little white city by the sea bears on its face the marks of the vicissi-

tudes of the fortunes of men. The Norman Castle still stands stoutly on the great rock in the bay where John de Courcy placed it. The Norman Church erected by the Catholic piety of Hugh de Lacy is now the Protestant parish church. The big Franciscan monastery has entirely disappeared: it is said that the monks when they were driven forth from it prayed that the place should ever henceforth be a home of thieves. If they did so their prayer must have been heard; for, after being the home of the robber Chichesters, it became the county prison. At the little quay they will point out to you 'William's Stone,' the spot where the foot of the Prince of Orange first touched Irish land; and the North Gate of the ancient walls still remains, repaired and restored in memory of Queen Victoria's jubilee. And you will see marks of the three races who have lived in it—the English town close to the Castle with its Governor's Walk, its High Street, its town hall, market-house, and almshouses; and on the north of it the Scotch Quarter, and on the south of it the Irish Quarter. In Belfast the Scottish and Irish people of the working class still live in different districts

*Viscount Bryce, O.M.

of the town; but these districts are now not called Scotch and Irish, but Protestant and Catholic. And not far along the shore toward Belfast and near to Trooper's Lane is that indispensable appurtenance of an ancient county town, the Gallows Green, though the Silent Sisters, as the old triangular gibbet was called, on which so many bad — and good — men died, has disappeared, let us hope forever.

And as I have said, the history of this little city is the history of Ulster writ small. The Fergus who, by contriving to get drowned on its shore, gave Carrickfergus his name, is the same Fergus who, by leading the first Irish — then called Scots — across the North Channel, gave Scotland her name. Whether there was in his time any fortress on the rock is not known; but the great castle, which now turns it into an Irish Château de Chillon, was built over seven hundred years ago by the first Norman Conquerors; and the little town was founded by the English merchants and adventurers who followed in their wake. In the turbulent times which succeeded the conquest the town was often burned, but the Castle was never captured, by the Irish. Three times it has fallen — once to Scottish, once to English, and once to French arms; but it has always remained impregnable to native forces.

It is one of the ironies of Irish history that the conquest by England of the Roman Church's most devoted daughter was begun at the instigation of the Roman Church. Hadrian the Fourth urged it on King Henry in order to secure various objects, one of which was declared to be the extension of the boundaries of the Church, for at that time the Church in Ireland did not acknowledge Rome's supremacy. Of all these objects, that is the only one to this day completely secured. The reason for the failure of all the others

was ever the same — the want of a firm and fixed policy. Henry II came to Ireland and received complete submission. If he had devoted a very little of his time and power to a thorough establishment of his rule, that submission might have been made permanent, and the authority of law been as unquestioned henceforth in Ireland as it was in England. But Henry contented himself with accepting the submission and then portioning out the country among his chief barons. All Ulster fell to John de Courcy 'to enjoy in that land all he could conquer with the sword, reserving to the King homage and fealty.' For centuries after all that the English King received from the Norman barons was homage and fealty, and he did not always get that. Every time Carrickfergus was visited afterwards by an English King he came for the purpose of punishing refractory subjects. King John came to take vengeance on Hugh de Lacy; and he made the city and county of Carrickfergus a county palatine. Richard the Second came too on a similar errand. But when the English King returned to England the English nobles returned to independence, and spent their time in the old ways — fighting the native chiefs and one another, harrying the inhabitants, natives, and settlers alike, and brooking no interference from Dublin Castle.

Edward the First took it into his head to conquer Scotland: he would have been wiser if he had tried to consolidate his rule in Ireland. As it was, all his attack on Scotland brought his successor was Bannockburn and an Irish war. The success of the Scots in driving the English from their country inspired the native Irish with the hope, with Scottish aid, of driving them from theirs. They offered Edward Bruce the Crown of Ireland. He came to Carrickfergus, and it is said by

some was crowned there King of Ireland; he certainly was visited there by his greater brother, King Robert; he marched south, was defeated and slain; and once more Carrickfergus and its castle were inhabited and garrisoned by the English.

The only effect of the Scottish interference in Irish affairs was to spread additional suffering and complete chaos over the land. The ferocity with which the war was carried on is inconceivable. The Scots slaughtered and plundered English and Irish alike. As for the English, one little tale tells all that need be told. When the Scots were besieging Carrickfergus Castle, the English garrison agreed to surrender if it was not relieved by a certain day. The day came, but not the relief, and thirty Scots came to the castle gate to demand surrender. They were admitted to the castle yard; then the gate was closed, and the Scots were killed and eaten by the starving garrison. The English nobles, too, disgusted with the failure of the English Government to support them, repudiated it and their nationality. They adopted Irish names and customs, intermarried with the native Irish and the Hebridean Scots, and became, as the phrase is, more Irish than the Irish themselves. The only part of all Ulster which remained English in language, blood, and allegiance was for a time Carrickfergus and its little Pale.

'Ireland,' said the late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, to a new Lord-Lieutenant who was talking freely of the impossible and inevitable in Irish affairs — 'Ireland, Your Excellency should remember, is a country where the inevitable seldom happens and the impossible frequently comes to pass.' If we remember this, we shall not be surprised to find that the event which made Ireland intensely Papist was an outrage committed upon

her by a Papist queen. Henry VIII began a policy of settlement, and a wise policy it was. He conferred English titles on the native chiefs, summoned them to an Irish Parliament, and gave them an equal share with the English in managing Irish affairs. When he introduced the Reformation into Ireland he divided the confiscated Church lands among English and Irish alike, and the latter took them with as little (or less) hesitation as the former. This policy promised in time to create a new Anglo-Irish Ireland. Queen Mary reversed it. She determined to make Ireland English by giving it to Englishmen. She deprived the O'Connors of their lands, turned them into two English shires, and gave them to Englishmen. From that moment terror possessed all native landowners as to what was going to happen to themselves; and when Mary's Protestant successor on the English throne continued her policy, they became what they never had been before — violently Papist, the Pope being then England's greatest enemy. Henceforth devotion to Rome became the hall-mark of Irish nationality; and henceforth every rebellion, whatever its origin or whoever its leaders, became before long a Catholic crusade. 'Thou,' said the Earl of Essex scornfully to the great rebel Tyrone — 'thou to talk about religion! Thou hast no more religion than my horse!' Probably Essex was right; but Tyrone knew well enough what he was about. Then as now, the Irish tribes were Romanists first and Irishmen afterwards.

I myself once thought that principle had ceased to apply; but I was soon shown my error by personal experience. In a non-lucid interval I became a candidate for Parliament. The constituency was an English urban one; and I, following the traditions of my

family (my grandfather was 'out' in 1798), stood as a Liberal; and, Home Rule being part of the Liberal programme, as a Home Ruler. During my candidature I found, somewhat to my surprise, that the Irish Catholic working class in English towns live apart from their Protestant fellow workmen much as they do in Belfast. When canvassing the district which they inhabited, I received nothing but promises of support until I happened on a man who, I understood, owned most of the houses in it. He refused his support point-blank; and in doing so said, 'Let me tell you, sir, you're wasting your time here. Last Sunday we were told from the altar that we must vote Unionist for the sake of the Catholic schools; and whatever they tell you, every man here will vote Unionist.' I was at the time struck with this remark, and was more impressed with it when on the eve of the poll I found all the walls plastered with a placard on which appeared a telegram from the Home Rule Lord Mayor of Dublin calling on Irish Catholics to vote for the Unionist and Catholic education. When the votes were counted I made it my business to ascertain the boxes containing the votes from the Irish district, and watched their count: they were practically solid for the Unionist. I cannot help thinking that, if it is desired to stop the boycott of the British Parliament by the Sinn Féin M.P.'s, it might be well to try the effect of introducing a bill for secularizing British and Irish education.

This is by way of digression. Returning to Queen Mary's policy of turning Ireland English by giving it to Englishmen, it was one which to be successful necessitated the extermination of the Irish. This Mary does not seem to have realized, and so the result of her policy was to introduce not an English population but merely an

English proprietary. Most of the confiscated land remained in the occupation of the native Irishmen: the Englishmen merely collected the rents. Accordingly it failed.

In Elizabeth's time the same policy was followed in Munster when the great family of Desmond Fitzgeralds was overthrown; and it failed there too. In Ulster, Lord Mountjoy and Sir Arthur Chichester adopted ruthlessly the policy of 'thorough.' In their struggle with Tyrone and his allies they destroyed by sword or famine every Irish man, woman, and child on the lands over which their armies passed. Chichester from Carrickfergus devastated and depopulated the country around for twenty miles on every side. Never before did any man so completely make a desert and call it peace. But this policy had this advantage: on the subsequent confiscation of the land it was clear for new inhabitants. The crowns of England and Scotland were by this time united, and the new population who occupied the land about Carrickfergus were Lowland Scots. Till the other day the ordinary language of the district was the language of the Lowlander, and till this day five sixths of the people of the district are of unmixed Lowland descent.

These settlers were planted, as the Romans planted military colonies on lands they had conquered, as a guard to protect the interests, political and religious, of their native land, and their pay was the profits of the land on which they were planted. And whatever else may be said of them, they did protect those interests faithfully and well. When under Sir Phelim O'Neill the native Irish rebelled and the massacre of Protestants began, those of them who escaped assembled within the walls of Carrickfergus and held their ground there till they were re-

lieved from Scotland. When de-throned James the Second attempted to make Ireland a jumping-off spot for the reconquest of England, Carrickfergus Castle was in his Irish army's hands, but the male settlers of the district, leaving behind them homesteads and families, assembled at Londonderry, and there stood firm against him and famine; and when that city was relieved and Carrickfergus Castle retaken, they marched with William and his army to the Boyne and Dublin. Only once since they arrived in Ireland have they failed in their loyalty to Great Britain, and that was when they believed that they themselves had been betrayed by her, which is a circumstance that some English politicians and publicists of the present day would do well to consider.

The third capture of Carrickfergus Castle was by the French in 1760, when we were at war with Louis the Fifteenth. Thourot — himself half an Irishman — arrived in Carrickfergus Roads with three French warships and landed some eight hundred men. He called on the city and castle of Carrickfergus to surrender, and the military governor was inclined to do so; but the Mayor, one Willoughby Chaplin, informed him if he did not resist he would indict him for treason, so he resisted. After a gallant fight the garrison's ammunition gave out and further resistance became impossible. Thourot behaved very well to the conquered. He even invited the Mayor, who was his prisoner, to dine with him and his officers; and the story goes that after dinner, when the bottle had circulated freely, he called on his worship for a song. Mr. Chaplin gracefully complied and sang 'The British Grenadiers.' Mr. Chaplin seems to have been a pleasant sort of fellow, and one you would like to go out with when tiger-hunting.

But by this time the star of Carrickfergus was beginning to pale before the rising sun of Belfast. Till the end of the eighteenth century that sun rose slowly enough. Still it rose. Belfast was more commercial and less mediæval than Carrickfergus, and it had the advantage of situation: the chief Scottish settlement in Ulster was on the north and south sides of the Lagan, and Belfast, placed at the mouth of that river, was its natural centre. With the Union the sun of Belfast rose, as Mr. Gladstone would have said, by leaps and bounds. At the Union it had about twenty thousand inhabitants; to-day it has about half a million.

And an even more remarkable change has since the Union taken place in Belfast. Before the Union it was the home of the Society of United Irishmen pledged to bring about at any cost the separation of Ireland from Great Britain; now it is the home of the Covenant pledged to prevent at any cost the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. I have already said that the Ulstermen's former disloyalty and its cause is a matter worthy of the consideration of some politicians and publicists of the present day. So is their present loyalty and its cause.

As I pointed out, the Scottish settlers came to Ireland as a guard to protect the interests of their native land, and their recompense was to be the profits of the land on which they were planted. After the great defeat of the native Irish in 1689, both the government and the 'undertakers' who had planted the settlers in Ulster came to think there was no longer any need for such a guard. Accordingly, the government, being Episcopalian, began to persecute the settlers as dissenters, and the undertakers to treat them as tenants at will. The settlers regarded themselves as betrayed. They had saved the Prot-

estant religion in Ireland, and they were being harried for being Protestants. They had made the empty land worth money, and the undertakers were taking all the money it was worth. Tens of thousands of them left Ulster for the American Colonies with their hearts burning with resentment, and when the Colonies revolted they joined in the revolution with their whole souls. They gave Washington, Montgomery, Knox, Wayne, Stewart, and Maxwell among his best Generals, and thousands of backwoodsmen among his best soldiers. No less than nine of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were exiled Ulster Scots; and so were John Hancock, the first President, and Charles Thompson, the perpetual secretary of Congress. When Washington's army was starving at Valley Forge, it was the prodigal generosity of Ulstermen which brought it relief. So through their resentment of their betrayal at home Great Britain suffered the greatest calamity that ever befell her abroad. It nearly brought about even a greater calamity. Seldom has any man been able to inflict such a wrong on his country as that Chichester who became the first Marquis of Donegal. He was an absentee, and to supply his wants in London he permitted thousands of his Scottish tenants in Ulster to be evicted to make place for Irish Catholics who were willing to give the landlord all the land produced, except sufficient buttermilk and potatoes to support their own lives. At first the Scots directed their hatred against the new tenants; but soon it turned against the government which had permitted the promises on which their fathers had come to Ulster to be broken, and they joined with the disaffected Catholics. They were helped to do this by the French Revolution. Religious passion among them had cooled, and many of them dreamed of

a United Ireland free from it and with equal rights for all, and free too from the government and landlords who oppressed both Protestant and Catholic alike; so in Belfast a joint rebellion of the north and south was planned. Before the struggle had lasted a week the Ulstermen had been awakened from their dream; the rebellion in the south had once more developed into a Catholic crusade led by fanatical Catholic priests and accompanied by massacres of Protestants.

The rebellion had important consequences in Ulster. It convinced the government and the landlords that their interests still needed guarding, and it convinced the Ulster Scots that coöperation between the north and south was impossible. The landlords once more recognized the Ulster custom of tenant-right, and the government encouraged trade and commerce in Ulster. With the Union justice advanced quickly. All religious disabilities were abolished, the Church tithe which the Presbyterians hated followed, tenant-right was enforced against the landlords by statute, and then the tenants were given the right to purchase their farms. Now the Protestants of Ulster find themselves perfectly free and perfectly contented and attached to the people of Great Britain, not merely by the Union, but by the stronger ties of a common race and a common religion, common traditions and common ideas, while they are separated from the Catholics of the south on every one of these points. That is shortly why they are now as anxious to maintain the British connection as they were before '98 to break it. I wonder what would be the effect on them of another betrayal?

Their position at present is very simple, and it seems to me very strong. Ulster, they say, is as much a part of the United Kingdom as Middlesex or

Midlothian, and we deny the right of Parliament, as the people of Middlesex or Midlothian would, if it were their case, deny the right of Parliament, to turn it out of the Union against the wishes of the majority of its inhabitants. If the other three provinces want to separate from the United Kingdom, then, though we think such a separation will be disastrous to them and to Great Britain, if Parliament agrees we cannot claim to veto it. If a scheme of devolution, applicable equally to all parts of the United Kingdom is made law, though we doubt its utility and know that nobody in Ireland wants it, we of course will accept it, and work it as best we can. But we will not submit to be treated as a colony or dependency, and have a new constitution forced on us: the colonies and dependencies were not parts of the United Kingdom, and so when they had constitutions made for them were not deprived of any rights as parts of it. We are the sons of Great Britain, not her slaves to be sold by her when she gets into difficulties.

This position of the Ulstermen may be very unreasonable, but at any rate it is not so wicked as to entitle English newspapers to misrepresent and abuse them for it. Yet misrepresented and abused they are. At this moment I have an example before me: it is a leaderette published in the agony of the great war when Ulster was straining every nerve to help the suffering Empire. Here it is:

THE NEW NAPPER TANDY

Sir Roger Casement's descent on his native shores with a cargo of arms and ammunition provided by Germany is a piece of comic relief which ought to delight 'George Birmingham.' Sir Roger Casement is an Ulster Protestant, an ex-Consular official of the British Government, which conferred a knighthood and a pen-

sion on him, and yet we find him gun-running with a submarine boat off the Irish coast, after a twelve-month of anti-English propaganda in Berlin. He has had many predecessors in the invasion of Ireland, but he most resembles the famous Napper Tandy — another Ulster Protestant by the way. Tandy landed in September, 1798, at Rutland Island, near Arran, from a French brig, the *Anacreon*, with the object of distributing arms and proclamations. Unfortunately for him the population were so little responsive that they took to the hills and refused to come down and fraternize with Napper Tandy and his foreign allies. Sir Roger Casement has been less fortunate than Napper Tandy in that he has not been able even to land on the Irish shore. His gaseonading is laughed at by the overwhelming majority of the Irish people, which, thanks to Mr. Redmond, is firmly loyal to the Allies, and has no use for mischievous poseurs like Sir Roger Casement.

The ignorance and malevolence which inspired this are evident enough when it is remembered that Napper Tandy was born in the Cornmarket, Dublin; that this very paper just before the war was holding up Casement and that foolish son of an illustrious sire,* Captain White, as irresistible proofs of the loyalty of Home Rulers and as examples whom all other Ulster Protestants should follow; and that, as everyone who knew anything about the country was aware, all the South of Ireland was at that very moment seething with sedition. As a matter of fact, the later editions of that very issue of the paper with this insult to Ulster Protestants still in it, contained telegrams announcing that a rebellion had broken out in the South of Ireland, that Dublin was in possession of the rebels, and that scores of British soldiers had been shot dead in its streets. What would have been the end of that rebellion if the million of Ulster Protestants had taken the paper's advice and followed the example of Casement?

Another form of misrepresentation

*Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C.

which some British papers indulge in to gull the English workman is that the opposition to separation in Ulster is inspired by the landlords and capitalists. Nothing could be further from the truth. If it depended on these classes I do not think myself it would be long before separation came. The landlords of Ulster never showed any great patriotism except when their own interests were concerned, and now, having mostly sold their lands to their tenants, their chief interest is in a quiet life and unimpeded sports. Besides, they are mixed in blood. It was an old Lady Thomond who, when her confessor explained to her what fate she might expect in the next world if she turned Protestant in this one, proudly answered, 'Is it not better that an old woman should burn in hell than that the Thomonds should lose their inheritance?' and the Ulster Catholic landowners acted generally on that principle: the Macdonnells and O'Neills and O'Haras turned Protestant to preserve what remained to them of their inheritance, and the Chichesters and Hills and Stewarts freely intermarried with them to share it. It was the classes among both the Scots and the Irish who had little inheritance to preserve who stuck stoutly to their race and religion; and it is they who entertain strong views for and against the Union. As to capitalists influencing the opposition to separation, it is common knowledge that the greatest capitalist and employer of labor in Ulster, Lord Pirrie, head of the firm of Harland & Wolff, is an avowed Home Ruler; and he himself would admit that his conversion to Home Rule did not bring over to it a dozen out of the twenty thousand workmen he employs. As he told a friend of mine, 'I and my workmen have agreed to differ.'

Neither is the opposition based on

bigotry, as British papers sometimes say. It is true the Ulster Protestant when merry, and on special occasions, used to shout 'to hell with the Pope,' just as the Ulster Catholic under similar circumstances shouted 'to hell with King William.' (By the way, that always struck me as rather a compliment to King William, since it assumes that he is not there as yet.) But this is only a sort of traditional and festive practice. I remember Willie Wilde (the brother of Oscar), who went the Northeast Circuit in Ireland before he came to England, telling me of an experience of his which is evidence of this. A most respectable man was brought before the Resident Magistrate in Belfast for cursing the Pope on the twelfth of July. There had been disturbances in the town, and the magistrate resolved to increase the penalty for using what are there called party expressions; so instead of fining the prisoner five shillings as usual, he fined him fifteen. 'But,' remonstrated the prisoner indignantly, 'the price is five shillings — I have paid it dozens of times.' 'You are fined fifteen shillings,' replied the magistrate quietly, 'and if you don't pay it, you must go to jail.' Intensely annoyed, the prisoner took out his purse and counted out fifteen shillings. As he handed them to the Clerk of the Court he said, 'There they are; and before I curse the Pope again, I'll see him in eternal hell first.'

But although there is little real bigotry among Ulster Protestants, there is a strong objection to the despotism of the Catholic priest. The priest in the bitter beginning of the eighteenth century, by his devotion to and sufferings for his people, earned all the affection with which they regard 'soggarth aroon.' If that were all, the Ulster Protestant would not mind. But the priest seems in the Irish mind

to have succeeded to the old position of the aboriginal Druid who controlled chiefs and tribes by the fear of laying a curse on them and their lands if they disobeyed him. The people's subservience to him revolts the independent Ulsterman who elects his own ministers, and who treats his own ministers' opinions on politics, or for that matter on anything else, with no more respect than he gives to those of any other educated man.

This subservience to the priesthood is what paralyzes Irish politicians, for the opinions of the priesthood are divided. The bulk of the secular clergy are sons of shopkeepers and small farmers, are educated at home and share the sympathies and hopes of the classes from which they are drawn: they are strongly Nationalist, and regard the Church of Rome as the Church of Ireland. The bulk of the regular clergy are sons of squirens or professional men, are educated abroad, and have the sympathies and hopes of the Ultramontane of the Continent: they are strongly conservative, and regard the Church of Ireland as merely a branch of the Church Universal. The secular clergy dream of an Ireland Catholic and independent; the regular clergy of an Ireland Catholic and missionary. The latter aspire to make Ireland what she once was, the land which carried the light of the true religion to the dark places in Great Britain and Western Europe, and they know she is likelier to become this as a part of the mighty British Empire than as a little fifth-rate independent state. This conflict of opinion, as I have said, paralyzes Irish politicians: it was it that led the Presbyterian rebel, John Mitchell, to say that the Irish might have been free years ago if it had not been for their damned souls; and it is it that has made every Nationalist movement not led by a Protestant a mere fatuity.

The Sinn Fein is led by a Catholic Spaniard: we shall see soon whether he will prove more effective than a native Catholic.

Of late the more thoughtful and considerate of British supporters of separation have been appealing to the patriotism of the Ulsterman. They ask him to agree because dominion self-government will make the Sinn Feiners loyal to the Empire. He does not believe it. Has it made, he asks, other peoples within the Empire who are different in race and religion from the predominant people loyal to it? Are there no Nationalists in Dutch South Africa or French Quebec? They ask him to agree to it because the Empire has committed itself to the principle of race self-government in Germany, Austria, and Turkey, and it must be consistent. He asks in reply, is it inconsistent then, because you break up your enemies' empire, to refuse to break up your own? Besides, the question of race does not arise. If we are to divide the United Kingdom according to race, he says, England, South and East Scotland, and Northeast Ireland, should form the one section, and Wales, Northwest Scotland, and South and West Ireland should form the other. How, he asks, would the Wee Frees of the Highlands and the Methodists (Primitive and otherwise) of Wales like the rule of the archbishops, bishops, and clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, to which many of them are so willing to subject the Ulster Protestants? Then it is argued that dominion self-government is necessary to conciliate opinion in America. The Ulsterman doubts. In all things except numbers Ulster has contributed more to the greatness of the United States than all the rest of Ireland. I have already mentioned her services in the War of Independence. Since then ten of its twenty-six

Presidents (including Mr. Woodrow Wilson) were of Ulster descent: was there ever one of Catholic Irish origin? Thoughtful Americans will, they believe, reflect on this when it is proposed to compel Ulstermen to submit to Irish Catholic rule. And besides, it is possible that dominion self-government might lead to the Irish Protestants emigrating to the United States, as misgovernment led many of them to do before. That, no doubt, would be very satisfactory to the United States; but would any benefit resulting from American friendship compensate the British Empire for their loss? Let Englishmen remember the services Irish Protestants have rendered England these last hundred or more years of the Union. In the Napoleonic wars they gave her the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh; in the Indian Mutiny, General John Nicholson, Sir Henry Montgomery, and the two Lawrences; in the South African War, Lord Roberts and Field-Marshal Sir George White; and in the last and most desperate war of all, Field-Marshal Sir John French, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, and Admiral Sir David Beatty. Is it quite certain that any of these wars would have been won without these men?

The Ulsterman freely admits that no man who wishes prosperity and peace to the British Empire could feel anything but gratitude to any politician or publicist who cured the Irish trouble. He fears, however, that it is not possible to effect an immediate cure. Of course he knows the contempt with which any declaration that anything is impossible is received by the superior person. He knows also of what Napoleon said: 'Impossible! Never let me hear that stupid word again.' Napoleon was the greatest practical man that ever lived, and so

he concerned himself only with what was practicable. When he found anything could not be altered, he accepted it as a fact, and made his plans on the assumption that it was a fact. In his youth he thought the invasion of England was possible; he found out afterwards that it was not; and henceforth he conducted his affairs on that assumption. So, the Ulster Protestant says, should the affairs of Ireland be conducted — on the assumption that the divisions and disagreements of the Irish people cannot in this age be arranged. And he is the more convinced of the truth of this since no proposal to arrange them has ever been put forward a second time. Mr. Gladstone made the first, and it was rejected by Parliament on the ground that it did not do something which Mr. Gladstone said it passed the wit of man to do. When Mr. Gladstone was once more in a position to propose an arrangement of Irish affairs, he proposed one which tried to do what he had previously said passed the wit of man to accomplish. It was rejected too. When Mr. Asquith came into office another proposal was made bearing no resemblance to either of Mr. Gladstone's. It became law; but no human being in England or Ireland suggests now that that law should operate, or would be, if it operated, a settlement.

The latest specific for the ills of Ireland is promulgated by a great Unionist newspaper owned by an Irish absentee. It bears no resemblance to Mr. Asquith's specific. Its two great characteristics are that one party in Ireland is to have double representation, and besides that, it is to have a free veto on the legislation of the whole kingdom. The first seems not quite in accordance with the modern principle of one vote one value, and the free veto is hardly likely to be approved by persons who know that it once existed

in Poland, and was found there to be the most potent instrument of anarchy the world has ever known. The Ulstermen cannot think that this was the reason the new constitution-monster adopted it; they think he must have done so merely because he knew no better.

A great medical writer * has said of individuals: 'There is a destiny made for a man by his ancestors, and no one can elude the tyranny of his organization.' The Ulsterman thinks this is true of states. If the Irish problem is incapable of immediate solution, he thinks it is no use abusing one side or the other. English, Scots, and Irish have each perpetrated on one another nameless atrocities. It is a pity they cannot agree to forget them; but that they cannot do so is not a peculiarly Irish characteristic; all nations of peasants take a long time to forget. In the long winter evenings the father by the fireside tells the son of the wrongs suffered by his ancestors of which his father told him, and the son adopts the wrongs as his own. A friend of mine, who sat for a county division in South-west Scotland, told me that once, when canvassing, he came late at night to a lonely farmhouse. All the inmates were in bed. He knocked loudly at the door, and, after a time, a night-capped head was thrust through an upper

window. 'What the deil,' asked the head in no friendly tone, 'dae ye come here hammerin' at my door at this 'oor o' the nicht?' My friend answered, 'I am the Whig candidate, and I want to know if you 'll vote for me.' There was a moment of silence and reflection. Then the voice said, 'My fayther's great-great-great-grand-fayther lost a thoomb at Bothwell Brig, and dae ye think that efter that I'm likely to vote for a Tory?' And as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, the popular resentment over wrongs done to a people is often infinitely more fierce years after the wrong has been righted than it was when the wrong was nearly done.

This is the Ulsterman's view of the illness of Ireland. Considering it carefully, perhaps the thoughtful Englishman may be inclined to hold that it would be safer not to seek too early a cure. Time and patience are sound though slow physicians for a sick state; the surgeons, haste and rashness, have shattered the constitution of many a mighty empire. Perhaps it would be wise to try the humdrum treatment of the physicians, aided by justice and firmness, before resorting to desperate operations which may end in the crippling or even dissolution of the British Commonwealth, or in adding another and more terrible wound to the many scars of Ireland.

*Dr. Maudsley,

Blackwood's Magazine

THE HOLY PLACES

BY ARTHUR S. BARNES

THE claim that the Order of St. Francis has upon the gratitude of Christendom for the work it has done in the Holy Land has been largely forgotten by English Catholics. For seven centuries they have guarded and venerated the Holy Sepulchre. They have been for long periods the sole representatives of the Western Church in the Holy Land. They have remained there at the risk of their lives and in spite of the sufferings and martyrdom of not a few of their number. Without them the sacred sites would in many cases have been irrevocably lost, and pilgrimages to them rendered impossible. Their devotion has kept the memory of these sites alive all through the dead period of the last few hundred years in Western Christendom by the service of the Stations of the Cross, which is founded upon the procession they have made all through the centuries along the streets of Jerusalem. They have made their brown robe more respected throughout the Holy Land than ever was the armor of the Crusaders, and have done it not by force or tyranny, but solely by their character and steadfastness. It was supremely fitting that when the Holy City fell once more into Christian hands the proclamation of the Allies should have been read, not by a soldier representing the victorious General, but by a Franciscan friar attached to the Holy Sepulchre.

The Church has gained little from the war except anxiety and poverty. But the liberation of the Holy Places and the probable reinstatement of the

Franciscans in the rights from which during the last two centuries they have been ousted by Greek intrigue, backed as it was by the power of Russia, appear in the light of a possible consolation to the heart of the Pope, and of every faithful Catholic. It may be, therefore, useful as well as timely, if we lay before our readers a rapid review of the historical facts upon which the Franciscan claim is founded.

When Jerusalem was taken by the Caliph Omar in the year 637, the Mohammedan conquerors did not refuse to grant certain rights to the Christians in connection with the Holy Places. The story of the chivalry of Omar himself, who refused in the moment of victory to enter the Holy Sepulchre to pray, lest his followers might thereby be led by his example to appropriate it to themselves, is well known to all. The firman, which is constantly appealed to as his by the Greeks, is no doubt a forgery, and we do not know the details of the settlement then arrived at. But in any case it is not to the point in discussing the rival claims of Latin and Greek. Those were the days of unity, before the Greek schism. Whatever grant was made, was made neither to Latin nor to Greek, but to the Universal Church, and if, as was only natural, most of the offices at the Holy Sepulchre were filled by natives of the country and subjects of the Byzantine Empire, they were all in communion with the See of Peter, and held their posts, not in virtue of their nationality, but of their catholicity. The Great Schism, indeed, had

but little effect in Jerusalem for a long while after it was consummated at Constantinople itself.

Although Constantinople was so much nearer and one would have thought could have given aid so much more easily than could the West, it was always to the West that the Christians of the Holy Land looked for help and protection against their Arab conquerors. Constantinople did nothing and apparently cared nothing for their cause. It was to Charlemagne, not to the Byzantine Emperor of the moment, that appeal was made by George, Patriarch of Jerusalem, about the year 800. He, in consequence, sent ambassadors to Haroun el Raschid at Bagdad, and at the same time granted alms to Jerusalem for the repair of the Holy Places. His memory was long held in gratitude at Jerusalem, and in 881 the Patriarch Elias III addressed himself once more 'to all the kings of the race of Charlemagne and to the clergy of the West' in making a fresh appeal for assistance and for alms. All through that period there were Latin priests and Latin convents continuously at Jerusalem.

Almost immediately after the consummation of the schism of Cerularius in 1054, and before the effects of the schism had spread to Jerusalem, there began the great movement of the Crusades. Once more it was not Constantinople that came to the aid of the Holy Places. The Crusades were carried on without the help of Constantinople, one might almost say in the teeth of Constantinople's opposition. At Jerusalem it was fully recognized that no help would be forthcoming from that quarter. William of Tyre has left on record the words of Simeon the Patriarch of Jerusalem to Peter the Hermit. 'From the empire of the Greeks,' he said, 'we have no hope that we shall receive any assist-

ance. They are hardly equal to maintaining themselves and all their valor has faded away, as you, my brother, may have heard. So that in the last few years they have lost more than half their empire.' It was from the West that the Crusaders came exclusively. The Greeks had no share in the enterprise at any time. The triumph of the Crusaders was a Latin triumph; the new kingdom of Jerusalem was a Latin kingdom, and Jerusalem, during the short period of its continuance, was a Latin city under a Latin Patriarch, Daibert of Pisa. The Holy Places were put under Latin Religious. Canons Regulars of St. Augustine had charge of the Holy Sepulchre and most of the other shrines, while Benedictines officiated at a few of the less important. Everywhere the rule was in Latin hands, but side by side with the Latin clergy, in chapels assigned for the purpose to each of them, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, Jacobites, and Nubians carried on divine worship according to their own peculiar national rites and liturgies.

In 1187 Jerusalem was conquered by Saladin, and all this came to an end. From that time on, the Holy Sepulchre itself and all the Holy Places have been in the absolute power of the conquerors. They have consistently exercised the right, in accordance with their law in dealing with conquered places, of doing just as they please with the churches of the vanquished, and admitting or refusing admission at their own will to the pilgrims and priests of the different nationalities. From that time date the confusion and strife which have existed ever since in these matters. All is a question of bargaining and of concession bought from the Mohammedan powers. It is interesting to note that the first of these bargains was made by an English King, Richard Cœur de Lion, and that the negotia-

tions, which won the right for several priests of the Roman rite to reside and carry on religious functions in the Holy Sepulchre, were conducted on the Christian side by the Bishop of Salisbury.

For a long time, 1187 to 1327, all is very obscure. The Friars Minor went to the Holy Land very early, but their permanent connection with the Holy Places which has never since been broken, began in the latter year. To King James II of Arragon must be given the credit of making the first attempt to obtain for them a legal position. But he was not altogether successful; nor a few years later was Charles the Fair of France, in a similar attempt. Only in 1335, after great trouble and expense, did Robert of Naples obtain from Sultan Melek-en-Naser Mohammed the unconditional grant of the Cenacle, and, secondly, leave for the Friars Minor 'to dwell permanently in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and there solemnly to celebrate holy Mass and other divine services.' Ludolph de Sudheim tells us that the Friars were already in residence in 1342, and Nicholas of Poggionisi gives us the more detailed picture of other religious rites, Georgians, Greeks, Armenians, Jacobites, Syrians, Copts, Abyssinians, and Nestorians, carried on side by side with the Latins, and in harmony with them. The seeds of future troubles were, however, already showing themselves, as we see by the ominous words of Ludolph of Sudheim, 'Græci soli Latinos execrantur.' Only the Greeks hate the Latins. It is the beginning of an evil which constantly increases and shows itself ever more definitely as the years pass on. For a time, however, this hatred did not lead to actual encroachments on the Latin rights. For two centuries more there was no change. In 1616 Pietro della Valle could still

write of the Franciscans, 'They are the principal masters of all.' The 'Serenissima,' the government of the Republic of Venice, were then constant upholders, and Venice was still powerful. France, too, was beginning to exercise an influence in the East by the middle of the sixteenth century. The support of Austria came later.

The details of the specific rights enjoyed respectively by Greeks and Latins within the Holy Sepulchre, will hardly interest our readers. To each were assigned certain portions of the great Church in special ownership, while at the actual sepulchre itself and at Calvary they were given separate hours for their services and processions. These had remained unchanged for centuries and were thus sanctioned by long custom going back far beyond the memory of any living, as well as by successive and detailed grants and confirmations made by the ruling power. Against these well-established rights and privileges, the Greeks from the middle of the seventeenth century onward have been making incessant attacks to the scandal of all the world, through the strife which they have thereby stirred up in the very spot where peace ought more especially to reign. No trust could be placed in the Turkish Government to do justice or maintain right. 'Do not trust a Turk' passed into a proverb; 'do not lean on water.' Money could do everything at Constantinople. It could, by means of false witnesses and bribes paid to the judge, obtain decisions altogether contrary to justice. 'Pluck an eye from a Turk, fill the cavity with gold, and he will not complain of the injury.' That was how a Venetian agent of the seventeenth century reported to the Serenissima. And Gianfrancesco Morosini, Ambassador of the Venetian Republic to Turkey, had said the same thing in 1585. 'So greedy are the

Turks for money that they who have it can bring about every sort of disaster and by its means obtain everything they have a mind to.'

The Republic of Venice, which had always been the special protector of the Western rights in the Holy Places, was at war with Turkey on the question of Candia from 1649 to 1669 and victory at last went to the Turks. This was the period of the Greek intrigues to obtain a larger share in these shrines than had been assigned to them in previous treaties, and these intrigues found Europe occupied with its own religious troubles and unwilling to pay attention to what was going on in the East. From 1673 to 1707 the patriarchal throne of Jerusalem was occupied by the celebrated Dositheus, a man of the greatest intelligence and energy, but a very bitter opponent of the Western Church, and ready to push Greek claims to the utmost.

The Greeks had at this time the upper hand at Constantinople, where the Grand Vizier Kupruly was favorable to them, and Dositheus succeeded in 1673 in obtaining a firman from the Sultan, in return for a promise to pay an annual tribute for the benefit of the mosque of Achmed, which not only sanctioned the encroachments the Greeks had already made on Latin privileges, but handed over to them the exclusive possession of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. The tapestries and lamps of the Latins, the gifts of Catholic princes in the past, were ostentatiously torn down in the presence of the Turkish authorities, and the altar was washed with soap and water to cleanse it from the contamination it had suffered by being used for the celebration of the Latin Mass.

This last outrage at last awoke the resentment of all Europe. The Pope sent letters to every Catholic court, and commissioned the Franciscan friars

to go round in person and plead their cause. Louis XIV wrote personally to the Sultan. The Queen of Spain offered to find whatever money might be needed for the recovery of the Holy Places; the King of Poland swore publicly with a mighty oath, 'Oblivioni detur dextera mea, si non meminero tui, O Jerusalem,' and the Emperor Leopold I bound himself by vow, if God favored him in the campaign against the Ottomans, to demand, as the condition of peace, the restoration of Catholic rights. A formidable coalition was created to fight against the Crescent, the Venetians under Morosini attacking by sea while the Poles in alliance with the Empire, and led by the heroic Sobieski, inflicted disastrous defeats upon the Turkish forces by land. The Turks sued for peace in 1689. The conditions imposed included the restitution of the Holy Places without molestation or taxation. In consequence the Sublime Porte ordered an inquiry to be set on foot as to the justice of the respective claims of Latin and Greek, and an award was made after an exhaustive examination of the evidence which reinstated the Franciscans in their rightful possessions.

On the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul in 1690, a solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated at the Holy Sepulchre in thanksgiving for the victory of right.

It is to the settlement made on this occasion, repeated and reinforced in every treaty made between Turkey and the Catholic Western powers during the next half century and drawn out in detail in the capitulations of 1740, that the Franciscans are now making their appeal in the memorandum that they have laid before the Peace Conference. The whole matter was gone into at that time, the authenticity of the documents put in evidence on both sides was carefully

examined, a decision which was admitted to be just and which it was hoped would be permanent was arrived at and generally accepted, and the Franciscans are now quite willing to acknowledge and abide by the results which were then obtained. The *status quo* of 1740, as laid down in the note which was presented to the Supreme Porte in 1850 by General Aupick, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, speaking in the name, not only of his own government, but also of Sardinia, Belgium, Spain, and Austria, is the standard by which they desire that the question should now be settled. It is a moderate claim, founded in justice, and should be successful.

The settlement of 1740 did not prove as permanent as was hoped. From that time to the present, on every possible opportunity the Greeks have infringed it and have made encroachments on the rights of the Latins. They have been able to do so almost entirely through the influence of a fresh actor on the scene, the great Empire of Russia. Ever since the time of Peter the Great the Tsars of Russia have had their eyes with increasing intentness upon the East. In the possession of Palestine and the Holy Places they saw their opportunity, if once they could attain their desire, of satisfying at one and the same time the religious aspirations of their people, and their own political hopes of dominating the road to India through Egypt and Suez. The question of the Holy Places, therefore, as the years rolled on, took ever increasingly a political and international aspect. It would seem antecedently impossible that the stolid indifference of England in the early Victorian age toward all religious questions outside her own borders could ever have been brought to care about what was happening in Palestine, and still more that an English Government

under Lord Palmerston in the middle of the nineteenth century could have thought the claims of Catholic Franciscans, in Jerusalem or anywhere else, a matter in which it had any concern. Certainly nothing could possibly have seemed more antecedently improbable than that England at such a time should have gone to war in defense of the rights of the Pope and of Catholic Religious in a far-off land. And yet, as we know, it was precisely these rights, and the constant and unending encroachments of the Greeks upon them, backed up as these were by the invariable support of Russia, which brought about the Crimean War in 1856. Kinglake, in his history of that war, has put the matter very succinctly. He was struck, of course, just as every reader who is not intimately acquainted with the details of the question would be, by the apparently trifling character, unimportant at first sight even to the point of ludicrousness, of very many of the points at issue. To many to-day they will seem, as they read them set out in the document the Franciscans have presented, for the consideration of the Conference, 'almost too slender for the apprehension of laymen,' just as they did to Kinglake. Yet behind them there are really great issues involved. Even Kinglake could see that the special point which constituted the main quarrel in 1856, the question, namely, whether the Latins were entitled to a key to the big door of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, instead of being put off with a key only of the lesser door, was by no means the trifling matter which it appeared at first sight. Stated baldly as we have stated it, it would seem absurd that fleets should move and armies advance on such an issue. But wise politicians saw deeper and Kinglake endorsed their verdict. 'A crowd of monks with

bare foreheads stood quarreling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine, but beyond and above, towering high in the misty North, men saw the ambition of the Tsars' and the encroachments of Russia on the rights of Europe. Many of the claims put forward by the Franciscans now will seem to the uninitiated very unimportant and not worth a quarrel. It does not follow that they are really so in any single instance, but in any case the charge cannot be brought against all of them. There are two actual Sanctuaries of the first importance, of which the Franciscans were possessed in 1740, and of which they have since been wrongfully despoiled. The first of these is the Tomb of our Blessed Lady close by Gethsemane, the scene of the Assumption. Of this shrine the Greeks possessed themselves in 1757 by main force, and they have held it ever since in spite of many efforts to dispossess them. Even as late as the Assumption of last year, a number of British soldiers, who had gone to hear Mass out of devotion to our Blessed Lady, were refused admission by the Greeks, and kept from gaining access to the Tomb. For this the Greek authorities were very rightly made to apologize, which they did readily enough when they discovered it was the British Army and not the Franciscans whom they had shut out. The other sanctuary, and one which is even more important than the Tomb of our Lady, is the Cenacle; the scene of the Institution of the Holy Eucharist and the Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, the Mother Church, as we may say, of all Christendom. Than this there is no holier spot in all Jerusalem, unless it be the Holy Sepulchre itself on the little hill of Calvary. The Cenacle was actually the first shrine of which the Franciscans gained

possession, and they had it as far back as 1335. It was presented to them by the Sovereigns of Naples, who had redeemed it for the purpose at a great price from the Mohammedans. But, unfortunately, the Franciscans, later on, on a false exegesis of the words of St. Peter in Acts ii, 29, 'whose sepulchre remaineth among us unto this day,' claimed the place as being also the Sepulchre of David, and on that pretext, David being a Mohammedan hero no less than a Christian saint, the Moslems seized the shrine in 1553, and have held it ever since. It does not come under the *status quo* of 1740, but the right of the Franciscans to possess it seems to be beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The Peace Conference, it is understood, will not itself deal with these matters, but will pass them on to the Power to whom is to be given the 'Mandate' for Palestine and Jerusalem. This Power, it seems to be now agreed, will be Great Britain, and so it is to British justice and to our sense of fair play that the Franciscan claims will fall for settlement. They themselves would ask nothing better, for it is only bare justice that they are demanding, and British rule all through the East has established for itself a very favorable reputation for justice and honest dealing. A new day is dawning for the Holy Places now that the long period of their desolation is at an end, and they have come once more into Christian hands. To us it is a happy thing that our own nation has been chosen to decide the points at issue, and we feel that we can trust its representatives to do justice to us. A new era of freedom for Catholics in Jerusalem, and for the Franciscan guardians of the Holy Places, is now — may God grant it — about to open under the protecting ægis of the British flag.

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

BOLSHEVISM AS A WORKING SYSTEM

It is a truism to say that a social system must be judged by the results it produces, but that is the one and final test. If the results are good, all theoretical arguments to prove that the principles on which the system is based are intrinsically unsound will persuade nobody. On the other hand, if a system is proved to be grossly inferior to what it supersedes, no amount of special pleading will make a community endure it longer than is obligatory. And certainly no independent community will adopt a system which has collapsed ignominiously wherever it has been given a practical application. This is the test by which Bolshevism should be judged. Has it increased the happiness and prosperity of the people subject to it, or has it intensified the poverty, misery, and suffering which obtained under other systems? The more dispassionately and impartially the case for or against Bolshevism is tried by the evidence available the more convincing will be the verdict.

There is now available quite a considerable volume of evidence condemnatory of Bolshevism in practice. Much of it may be as highly colored as the champions of Lenine assert; but after the most liberal discounts have been made for exaggeration and prejudice, there remains an indictment so unanimous, so powerful, and so circumstantial as to be irresistible in its cumulative weight. All the evidence goes to prove that Bolshevism is the antithesis of every condition which the working classes to-day consider essen-

tial to existence. These conditions may be taken in the order in which the loss of them would be felt the most — liberty, security, personal comfort, and prosperity.

First, as to liberty. The apostles of Bolshevism claim that it gives all power into the hands of the hitherto oppressed masses; that it is the rule of the proletariat. So far from this being true, the manual worker is reduced to a state of servitude more complete and ruthless than serfdom under an Ivan the Terrible. He cannot change his work or his place of domicile; if he strikes he renders himself liable to be shot. Unquestioning submission to authority is demanded under pain of death. Special permission must be sought before a holiday can be taken, or before he can quit the town in which he is living. He lives under ceaseless supervision, and hordes of spies surround him, encouraged to report the most trivial infraction or expression of discontent. He is bound to a system of terrorism never contemplated by the worst type of Tsarist bureaucrat. If he revolts in numbers there are Chinese and Lettish mercenaries to mow him down with machine guns or prod him into obedience with the bayonet.

The second condition is security. In exchange for this absolute surrender of personal initiative there must surely be a guaranty of safety for life and personal property. On the contrary, one searches in vain for any suggestion that the first principles of individual rights are recognized. Property only exists where there is force to keep it. If a man is suspected of harboring possessions he is marked down for de-

spoilment. He is always liable to be set upon by Red Guards and butchered. His body will be left to rot in the streets unheeded, and to foster the many epidemics which kill the people off like flies. Or he may be summoned to appear before a tribunal on a trumped-up charge of disloyalty to the Soviets. He will disappear with a crowd of other doomed 'suspects,' and his goods will be distributed among his judges. He may even have been indiscreet enough to be humorous at the expense of the administration, or have been goaded into an unguarded expression of opinion. His world will know him no more. He has committed the cardinal offense of free speech.

Personal comforts may normally be grouped as consisting of pleasant home surroundings, good and ample food, warmth, clothing, and the more material pleasures of life. If these were in abundance for all they might be worth some sacrifice of liberty and security. On this aspect of Bolshevism, however, there is a wealth of very circumstantial evidence, all of which conveys an impression of sordid misery for the working classes unparalleled in modern times, or perhaps in the world's history. A recent refugee from Petrograd has described it as 'a city of living skeletons. Protracted starvation has ended in the skin shriveling up and everybody looking old and tired.' Every block of tenements is under the despotic control of a 'House Committee,' which demands rent the instant it is due, and flings a family into the street if it is not forthcoming. If anything happens to the water supply nothing is done to repair it. Lighting does not so much matter because the supply is cut off almost as soon as there is a need for it.

All food is rationed, and is reduced to one meal a day served in public eating places, indescribably filthy and

malodorous. This meal consists of a plate of flavored hot water with a bit of fish in it, and one eighth of a pound of bread. The charge is six rubles, or nominally twelve shillings. Food cards have to be produced, and are only given in return for work done to order. In the morning there may be obtainable a drink made from stewed wild berries. Any food consumed with it must be saved from the solitary meal of the previous day. The only possible luxury is one hundred cigarettes per adult a month, at a charge of fifteen rubles. If extra cigarettes are bought privately from non-smokers they cost four shillings each. Clothes, boots, furniture, and other commodities have ceased to exist as purchasable articles. A man is fortunate if he can keep the garments he stands in from dissolution. And the decay of public property is no less complete. Speaking further of the condition of Petrograd, the eye-witness quoted above adds: 'Petrograd is gradually becoming destroyed, as no repairs are made; pieces of stucco cornices fall off the roofs, the waterways and drain pipes get cracked and burst, the pavements fall to pieces, and thanks only to the rain, wind, and sun, some appearance of cleanliness seems to be kept up. Bodies of dead animals, horses, cats, and dogs, remain for weeks lying in the streets. Some dead horses serve as an attraction to people, who creep furtively to them and cut off a chunk of the carcass to be used for food or for sale. The general aspect of the town leads one to think that some terrible calamity has happened to it, so solemn and gloomy is the effect produced by its ruined appearance, the reigning silence interrupted only by separate shots or by the sounds of music coming from the dancing halls of the Communists.'

As we have seen, the possession of any kind of worldly goods is a source

of peril even to the poorest. Nor is the death penalty the worst to be feared for withholding property or information from officials. Diabolical forms of torture are resorted to when a prisoner is stubborn. For instance, the Budapest correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* describes the methods of extorting confessions, under the administration of Bela Kun. Lighted matches or daggers were thrust into the mouths of the victims, or the latter would be bound and placed where swarms of ants could crawl over them. Another form of persuasion was to put a dish full of human ears, noses, and fingers before a prisoner and to ask him what piece of his own anatomy he would select for amputation. The arch-deviser of these penal amenities was a hunchback, named Otto Corvin, who has admitted putting five hundred people to death and many thousands to torture.

These are some of the known aspects of Bolshevism, as they affect not merely 'capitalists' and 'bourgeoisie,' but the mass of manual workers. If there is a brighter side it has still to be discovered and disclosed.

The Outlook

REORGANIZING THE BRITISH ARMY

WE have, heretofore, pointed out that our mischievous government, which seems incapable of doing anything good, but is always engaged in doing something evil, has already added considerably to our difficulties, and, if the country tolerates it much longer, it is to be feared that it will so multiply our dangers that it will require extraordinary skill, if not actual genius, to get us out of our difficulties. For example, we have added most of the German Colonies to our empire, and, in addition, we are taking over by

far the greater part of Western Asia. It is a wonder, seeing how mischievously stupid the government is, that we have not been loaded also with some further portion of Africa. Enough, however, has been done to add very materially to our difficulties. We have, to begin with, to reckon with the Mohammedan populations all over the world. We have already had a specimen of its feeling, and, unless we are entirely besotted, we shall have to be prepared for other experiences, possibly of a worse kind. However, it is enough to say that at the present moment we are taking charge of the vast Empire of Persia, together with Palestine and Mesopotamia. And, in addition, we are, with the United States, the most responsible of all the Powers that took part in the Paris negotiations. Consequently, we are the nearest and the most easy of attack by all who resent what has been done. It is said that the military authorities anticipate that it will be necessary to keep up a military force of 900,000 men. No clear statement upon the point has ever been made. We have not been told whether the 900,000 men will be sufficient for the ordinary duties of the British Army and also for the occupation of such hostile territories, say, as Germany. If not, we have before us immediately the keeping up of an immense army, with the ultimate risk of finding the Mohammedan population everywhere so estranged from us that we may have to maintain an army of something between half a million and a million men. All this has been done, or is being done, while prices are at an extravagant height, while profiteering is going on in a manner that is absolutely disgraceful to us, and while the debt is weighing us down and even in peace time is growing. What will it be if Russia puts an end to her civil wars and begins to

look out upon what a few years ago was her empire, and lays the blame largely upon us? That is, of course, the most serious question of the immediate future. But there are other very disturbing anxieties. For example, we and the French were loyally united during the war, and yet already the French are in a temper which is not pleasant after four and a quarter years of mutual assistance. Then we are acting between the Italians and the Slavs in a way which does not redound to our diplomatic credit. And, over and above all this, the Senate of the United States is looking with anything but a friendly eye upon our management of the negotiations in Paris. It may be objected that the feeling is a party one — is really the opposition of the Republicans. That is as it may be. What is perfectly clear to all the world is that we have made arrangements which one great American party is entirely discontented with. Next year there will be a Presidential Election, and suppose this discontented party becomes supreme, what will be our position in the world if we have Russia hostile, France dissatisfied, and Italy, to say the least, not grateful for the line we have taken?

Thus we have lost an immense number of men. We have seen a very large number, in addition, permanently injured by wounds and disease. And at the end of the conflict we have not a single genuine friend. Apparently, then, we are in for the maintenance, in the immediate future at all events, of a very large army, while everything that is going on at home and abroad warns us that we ought, first and foremost, to pay off our debt. However, the army must in some way or other be reconstituted. And it is in the highest degree desirable that the idle rich be driven from power before that task is undertaken. Only a very short

time before the war broke out a cabal sprang up at the Curragh. The actual facts never have been explained to the public. Mr. Asquith, with his usual infatuated incompetence, took the office of Minister for War for the occasion, and he made some sort of arrangement which nobody has ever been able to understand, which left at the head of the cavalry at the Curragh the man who was believed to have intimated to the government that the army would not act against Orangemen. That may have been entirely false. But no explanation of the real facts has ever been given, and naturally, therefore, the worst view of it has been taken. Furthermore, this man, who is supposed, truly or falsely, to have acted contrary to his duty as a general officer, was promoted to the command of one of the armies in France, and that army was so badly managed that the general had to be recalled. Yet from that day to this we do not know of what he was guilty in France any more than we know of what he was guilty at the Curragh. In plain English, our government is either afraid of the army or is so undutiful to the state that it allows the army to do things which no really competent government would tolerate for a moment. Before, then, we undertake the reform of the army it is essential that the idle rich should be remitted to the life for which alone they are fitted — that is to say, absolute idleness; that in their place there should be put a government that thinks first of the empire and the interests of the empire, and that promotes or dismisses men, not because of their birth and their rank, but because they are deserving either of reward or punishment. The second thing that is absolutely necessary is that every man in the United Kingdom who, whether freely or not, joins the army, shall be eligible for every

office in the army. It does not matter to the people of the United Kingdom whether a man is the son of a beggar or the son of a duke. If he is the best officer available he should be promoted, and he should be promoted even to the very highest rank if his merits recommend him for such a position.

Nothing is more remarkable, in fact, than the utter failure of all the aristocratic-officered armies engaged in the war. If we except the French, not a single man of any rank was promoted to a position in which he could have shortened the war. Read the chapters from Ludendorff's book which have been published by the *Times*, and the new chapters which are being made public at present by *Land and Water*, and we undertake to say without fear of contradiction that not a single man of high rank in the German Army proved himself to be fit for his position. If it is possible, the British Army was even more unsatisfactory. The government, when the war broke out, professed to be a Liberal Government. And yet it allowed the old army to appropriate every desirable office in the army. A number of men of the new army distinguished themselves. But putting aside the rich and the high-born, is there at the end of the war a single man of humble birth occupying an honorable position in the army? And yet about 7,000,000 of men were called up for the army and the navy, and our so-called government expects us to believe that out of from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 of men who were enrolled in the army not one man was deserving of a great position while the fighting was going on, or of being retained when the fighting ended. It is one of the most shameful and disgraceful things that it is possible to point out. Mr. Asquith, in the first place, Mr. Lloyd George, in the second, and the whole pack of the idle

rich, in the third place, played with the interests and the honor of the empire, and for the sake of maintaining a small gang in control of the army — a small gang, remember, who, when the war broke out, are believed to have threatened that they would not act, even under the orders of the government, against the Orangemen. We want, then, above everything, an army that shall give every prize, no matter how high, to the man who best deserves it. If he were the son of a beggar — we will go further, even if he were the son of a criminal — he ought to be promoted if he does his duty better than those around him. Look at France. She produced four great soldiers, so conspicuously great that even England was compelled to invite a French General to take command in France. Look, on the other hand, at our own army. There was not a single officer who really distinguished himself. We doubt if, in 20 years' time, there will be a single officer of the British Army who will be remembered with pride by the country. It is unnecessary to repeat that nobody believed, or indeed can believe, that there were not men of great ability in the new army. But our besotted leaders refused to give them the rank they ought to have had, and so we suffered defeat after defeat, and at last we won because the Germans were worn out and the immense reinforcements that the United States was capable of sending proved, even to the ignorant, that a continuance of the war was hopeless.

The Statist

THE COLOR QUESTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY HAROLD COX

RECENTLY I called attention to some of the injustices which the native subjects of the Crown suffer under colonial

rule. My article has called forth two letters of protest. The shorter of the two, by the very nature of its attack, justifies my arguments. Mr. Walter Shaw coolly declares that there is no objection to a law which punishes with imprisonment any natives found outside their own doors after nine o'clock without a special written authority from their employer. That a man who is apparently an Englishman should justify such a tyranny as this shows the danger of entrusting to any race a power of unrestricted dominion over other races.

Mr. Charles McCulloch, who writes at greater length, has apparently not read with much care the article which he criticizes. He seems to imagine that I advocated giving a vote to every one of the 5,000,000 blacks in South Africa. On the contrary, I was careful to say that the policy which I advocated was the policy of Mr. Cecil Rhodes of 'equal rights for all *civilized* men.'

That in effect has been done for over 60 years in Cape Colony, where the franchise is dependent upon a property and educational qualification. Quite rightly this qualification results in giving an enormous majority to the whites, because most of the blacks are, from the point of view of constitutional government, uncivilized. But the Cape franchise, while it secures to the whites the political superiority to which their racial superiority entitles them, does not create any absolute color bar. An educated black man, owning property or earning a reasonable livelihood, is entitled to vote on the same terms as a white man. In the Transvaal, on the other hand, however cultivated a native of the country may be, he is treated as permanently inferior to the meanest of whites.

This question of the color bar in South Africa is one in which I happen to have been interested for many

years. I have a large file of correspondence dealing with it going back over 15 years. Among the letters in this file I find one from a colonel of the Royal Engineers stationed in Natal, who gives the following illustration of colonial justice:

A native borrowed £3. He paid back £2 within a year. He has been over 12 years paying back the third pound, and now owes over £50 to the same man on account of it. He has been four times in jail and three times sold up because of it. When I tell you that the sales included several head of cattle, and in each case realized 6d. 'to the estate'—signed and sealed by the magistrate — ('realized at auction 2s. 6d., costs of auction 2s.') you will understand how it was he never got out of debt and was imprisoned for paying what he owed. As he borrowed more in order to get out of prison, you can understand how the debt grew instead of diminishing.

My correspondent adds: 'All this was done under the sanction of existing laws.' His letter shows how a colonial magistrate connived at barefaced robbery. That is the kind of thing that happens when one race is allowed to dominate another. In the Cape, owing to the existence of a wise franchise law, the natives have some power of self-protection, and though they have never sent one of their own number to the Cape Parliament, the fact that they have an appreciable number of votes secures for them the good will of an appreciable number of politicians.

If at the Peace of Vereeniging we had insisted on extending the Cape franchise to the conquered colonies, we should have prevented an infinite amount of injustice that has since occurred. In my previous article I blamed Lord Milner for throwing away this opportunity. I was fully justified in doing so, for he subsequently blamed himself. Speaking at Johannesburg on March 31, 1905, shortly before he left South Africa,

Lord Milner said: 'I believe as strongly as ever that we got off the right line when we threw over Mr. Rhodes's principle of equal rights for every civilized man.'

Lord Selborne, a subsequent Governor-General of South Africa, was equally emphatic on equal rights for all civilized men. In a remarkable speech delivered to the University of the Cape of Good Hope on February 27, 1909, he dealt in particular with the practical hardships imposed upon the natives. He said:

In some places a native, however personally clean or however hard he may have striven to civilize himself, is not allowed to walk upon the pavements of the public streets; in others he is not allowed to go into a public park, or to pay for the privilege of watching a game of cricket; in others he is not allowed to ride on the top of a tram-car even in specified seats set apart for him; in others he is not allowed to ride in a railway carriage except in a sort of dog kennel; in others he is unfeelingly and ungraciously treated by white officials; in others he may not stir without a pass. . . .

In an extreme case he may have to conform to no fewer than 20 different pass regulations.

We, the people of Great Britain and Ireland, are finally responsible for this shameless ill-treatment of the native subjects of the Crown in South Africa. In the first place, the Imperial Government was responsible for the Treaty of Vereeniging; in the second place, the Imperial Parliament passed the Act of 1909 which established the present South African Constitution. That Act went even beyond the Peace of Vereeniging in emphasizing the color bar. It not only gave permanent Imperial sanction to the color bar in the

Transvaal and in the Free State, but it established a color bar for the about-to-be created Union Parliament of South Africa.

While this bill was passing through the Imperial Parliament numerous protests were received from Cape Colony, among others a protest signed by two previous Prime Ministers of the Colony, by a former Speaker of the House of Assembly, by the Archbishop of Cape Town, and by many other distinguished South Africans. Yet the then government — a Liberal Government with a complacent disregard for Liberal principles — insisted on passing the bill through Parliament, and it now forms the constitution of South Africa. Thus, the King's subjects in South Africa are fully justified when they appeal to the Imperial Government for protection, because it was that government which established the constitution under which they are compelled to live.

Primarily this matter is one which concerns South Africa, but ultimately it concerns the whole Empire. Our Empire is built up of men of all races; it can only hold together if all know that they will be entitled to justice, whatever their race may be. No sane person suggests that an identical system of government should be established in every part of the Empire. Methods of government must be adapted to local conditions. But men of every race concur in demanding that justice should be equal for all, and if our Empire is to endure, all its subjects must be able to feel that, regardless of race or color or creed, they are free citizens of one great commonwealth.

The Sunday Times

TALK OF EUROPE

THE boulevards have recently enjoyed a thrilling crime.

A remarkable fight between policemen and a gang of armed burglars who had been surprised in the act of robbing the premises of a jeweler took place early one morning in the centre of Paris. It appears that at about 1.30 a policeman while on his beat in the rue Daunou, a little-known thoroughfare between the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Boulevard des Capucines, heard sounds suspiciously resembling those made by an oxyhydrogen blowpipe proceeding from the inside of a jeweler's shop. Calling assistance, he entered an empty shop next door and was immediately greeted with a volley of revolver shots. By the light of their electric torches the police discovered that the intruders had gained access to the jeweler's shop by boring a large hole through the wall between it and the empty premises.

Dashing through this hole, the police pursued the thieves into the adjoining premises, at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, of the Hôtel de Hollande, which is undergoing reconstruction. Here a pitched battle occurred among heaps of building materials, and several volleys were exchanged between the thieves and their pursuers. The burglars, who appeared to be seven or eight in number, climbed to the roof of a stable and thence gained access to the adjoining Hôtel Daunou, in which they took refuge by breaking through a window on the top floor. Here one of the band fell exhausted and bleeding on a bed. He was wounded with a bullet in the abdomen, and was subsequently captured. The others tried to escape down the staircase, but the noise of their entry had aroused the staff of the hotel and the burglars, therefore, turned tail and returned to the roof.

From this point they made their way across several other roofs till they reached the Avenue de l'Opéra, where they found an open window and dropped through in order to descend to the street. On the

stairs, however, they were met by the *concierge*, revolver in hand, who called on them to surrender. 'Do not fire,' said the leader of the fugitives, who spoke with a foreign accent, 'we are deserters, and they are after us. Let us pass, and you can have all we have got.' The thieves hastily pulled out a number of watches, rings, purses, and other valuables, which they placed in the hands of the astounded *concierge* and dashed past him down the stairs. The *concierge* attempted to fire on them, but the revolver failed to work, and the men succeeded in smashing the lock of the street door and escaping. One member of the band fell at an adjacent street corner and was discovered soon afterwards lying in a pool of blood, but still conscious. The rest got clean away.

An examination of the safe showed that the burglars were provided with a complete collection of tools of the highest possible class with all the latest improvements, and had been within ten minutes of gaining access to the safe when the police surprised them. The safe contained about £2,000 in notes and a large number of valuable pearls. The thieves are believed to belong to a gang of international criminals who make a specialty of breaking into jewelers' shops by piercing party walls.

THE problem of the city churches, which is a source of such perplexity in London, has been finally solved in Liverpool. The last church in the central part of the town is to be pulled down. But to 'a saddened Liverpoolitan,' who unburdens his griefs in the columns of the *Church Times*, this seems only a small part of the disaster: 'The churchyard has been sold to Harrods for a quarter of a million, and the proprietors of the mammoth London store are going to build on the churchyard a vast up-to-date drapery store of colossal dimensions at a cost of a million. One by one the churches in the centre of this great city

have during the last thirty years been pulled down, till there is now not one single house of prayer left except St. Nicholas's, and that is quite out of the way, right down by the riverside. There is now not left one single House of God to witness to the reality of the greater things of life and the things which are unseen but eternal. The Houses of God are gone, the Temples of Mammon alone remain. The bones of our forefathers are to be carted away with as little delay as possible; and, according to the local papers, within fifteen months we shall see opened a colossal shop which will need 2,000 hands to work it.' At any rate, there is a sharp contrast between Liverpool and London. While practical Liverpool pulls down its unwanted churches, in London fifty of them are still maintained and staffed in spite of vanished congregations.

DISCONTENTS

[After renewing acquaintance with the Simple Life under canvas.]

MIDGES, a hungry swarm,
In fighting fettle,
Sighting a human form
Gratefully settle;
Wasps full of vim and verve,
And never idle,
Scenting your best preserve
Grow suicidal.
Ants are the very deuce,
Daring mosquitoes
Gayly play fast and loose
With Chloe's neat hose;
Or a decrepit fly,
Risking a flutter,
'Crashes'— and tries to die
Sampling the butter.
Beetles engaged on their
Lawful occasions
Crawl into bed, and dare
Nightly abrasions;
Creatures that buzz or hum
All share your pottage—
I prefer life in some
Creepierless cottage.

E. L. R.

BARON GOTO, who has been Minister of Commissions, Minister of Home Affairs, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan, has been recently interviewed by a repre-

sentative of the Manchester press. Speaking of the Shantung affair, the Baron remarked:

'The leading men of many countries who gathered at the Paris Peace Conference, were not so very well acquainted with the Chinese situation, and even those who have spent many years in China do not thoroughly understand the country. That lack of knowledge gave rise to mistrust and doubt of all the affairs pertaining to China. The reason why I say that foreigners, including the people who have spent many years in China, do not understand the situation, is because, even to those people, the motive of China in bringing out this question in Paris was not clear. Even the delegates of many Western countries did not understand the nature of the people who represented China at Paris.

'China is now divided into two factions, one of the south and one of the north; and of the three delegates who represented China at Paris two were southerners and the other was a northerner. The south has a government of its own in Canton, but it has never been officially recognized by foreign countries, and these two southern delegates belonged to the Canton group. That is the reason why the single question of Shantung got so muddled. Any success which the opponents of the Chinese Government to be might score they wanted to score for their own political ends at home. That they were not necessarily expressing the opinion of their home government can be known by the single fact that Japan and China concluded the agreement in September of last year.'

Baron Goto quoted the contention that the treaty made between Japan and China in 1915 was put through under duress and coercion, and that it was accordingly null and void; and to the statement that China, by declaring war against Germany, had abolished treaties which existed between China and Germany. 'If what they said were true,' Baron Goto proceeded, 'how can they explain the following facts? In September of last year, after China declared war against Germany, China, of her own accord, asked Japan to open a negotiation for another agreement. Their proposals then included the loan of twenty

million yen, and concerned the release of the Japanese police from patrol duty on the Shantung railways and their replacement by Chinese police, and other matters. If the treaty of 1915 were null and void, what would be the reason for asking Japan for another agreement? If all the treaties were abolished by their declaration of war against Germany, what would be the use of making another agreement in regard to the German rights in Shantung? It goes without saying that it was based on the fact that they recognize the treaty between Japan and China in 1915.

'Now there is some talk that the Chinese are afraid that Japan will not carry out her promise to return Shantung to China. And this view is shared by some foreigners too. Japan in her past international dealings has been very strict in keeping her treaty obligations, and has never had occasion to make apologies for the non-execution of treaties. It is my pride that Japan has kept such a clean record in the matter of treaties. Now, it is clearly stated in the treaty between China and Japan in 1915 that Japan will eventually return Shantung. Japan has never been accused of breaking faith, and if Japan says that she will return Shantung there is not the slightest doubt that Japan will keep her faith.'

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, in his candid *My Mission in London*, has a word to say of both the new Ambassador and his secretary. Of Lord Grey he says that 'he has never left England except for a short visit to Paris,' a fact which should make his adventure across the Atlantic the more memorable. Americans will appreciate the more the man of affairs who 'takes long walks to study birds and their ways,' who, at his home in the North, 'feeds the squirrels that come in at the windows,' and whose 'favorite pastime is fishing in Scottish rivers — "all the rest of the year I am looking forward to it."' Add, then, to the other sacrifices of the stay-at-homer that this year he sacrifices his anticipated salmon. To Sir William Tyrrell, as a peace-maker, the German Ambassador paid his tribute, adding: 'Grey's private secretary possessed far greater influence than the permanent under-secretary.'

As I entered Germany through Bavaria, says a visitor to Germany, the government troops, Noske's 'Free Corps' were massing for the attack on Munich. One saw them at every station, vigorous young men in the twenties, many of them ex-officers. They looked clean and well-fed. They bustled about the stations with a brisk air among the listless crowds. They drank wine in the buffets, and in the streets they walked about with girls. They seemed to dominate Germany with their steel helmets and their hand grenades ready at their belts. I had arrived in time to witness the triumph of law and order. Noske with his 450,000 volunteers was supreme. Work, to be sure, went no better for their victory. The unemployed still elected communists to the Workers' Councils. After the Ruhr, the Silesian coalpits struck. But Noske added victory to victory, and there came from Munich the news that the last stronghold of Spartacus had fallen.

I spent an evening some days later in a hospitable 'Independent' Socialist house in Berlin. Among the guests was a banker, a count, and a certain Baron S—. It was not exactly the company that one expected to meet in a Marxist salon. Of the three, Baron S— interested me particularly. He was once connected with Krupps. His name used to occur in telegrams from Athens while King Constantine still reigned. To-day he occupied a post at the seat of power. He is attached in a political capacity to the Free Corps — Noske's anti-revolutionary guard. To me he seemed a man of unusual intelligence and decision. And at the moment of Noske's apparent triumph, I was curious to hear how politics looked from the windows of the 'Eden Hotel' — for Baron S— had his office in the headquarters of the Corps which murdered Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The replies to my first question were more than startling. The Corps knew that they had failed. They were weary of the unending work. They rushed to one great town, only to find that a general strike had broken out in another. So soon as one coalfield was 'pacified,' another 'downed tools.' With machine guns and hand grenades one can destroy a revolutionary government, but one cannot force the workers to work.

The end of it all will be Bolshevism, declared Baron S—— vehemently; there is only one possible alternative. Here I invite the reader to pause, and recollect the speakers' antecedents. The alternative, if you please, was an all-Socialist government. Noske and Scheidemann must go. They were sham Socialists. The middle-class ministers must all go. The workers would trust only a government of Socialists, and work they will not, until they trust the government. It must embody the Soviets in the Constitution, as a Second Chamber. It must instantly nationalize the mines and the big metal industries. There, perhaps, it might stop short. The workers would believe an all-Socialist government, if it said that more for the moment was inexpedient. They would not believe a mixed Coalition which refused to nationalize. They merely said that Erzberger and Dernberg had

paralyzed their Socialist colleagues. 'But,' I asked in amazement, 'would the Free Corps allow their creator Noske to be deposed; would they tolerate an all-Socialist government?' The answer came promptly. 'The leaders all agree: they accept my plan.' So, then, the pillars of order no longer trust their own stability. They see the necessity at least of a moderate advance into Socialism, and even of a partial adoption of the Soviet system — they would cure Bolshevism by homœopathy. The banker was of the same opinion.

A day or two after this conversation, the Versailles terms were in the papers. They mean the reduction of Noske's corps from their present 450,000 to a mere 100,000. I met Baron S—— again. He was more than ever convinced that his corps could not hold back the Bolshevik tide.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Mr. G. N. Barnes represented the interests of British Labor at the Peace Conference.

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Roger Fry, author and critic, is the editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, the British magazine of art.

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Paul Bourget, novelist and critic, is well known to an international public.

* * *

Stephen Graham will be familiar to many Americans as the friend and sympathetic portrayer of the Russian peasant.

Douglas Ainslie, diplomat and author of books upon philosophical subjects, has been a frequent contributor to the British weeklies.

* * *

J. A. Strahan is Professor of Jurisprudence at the University of Belfast.

* * *

Harold Cox is the conservative editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

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Monsignor Barnes is Catholic Chaplain at the University of Cambridge.

GLIMPSES OF ENGLAND

BY H. A.

Once looking downward from an attic
high

Above the roaring street, I wondered
long

If this were England's dim reverberant
sigh,

That floated upward from the dusk-
lit throng?

Trade chanted ever to her cold machine,
And there were men who had no
hope to own,

And gray unending hovels line on line
Beneath the smokebank, shadowed
by a frown.

There grows an ancient tree that comes
to bloom

But once a hundred years: in that
great hour

Death comes to weeds that perish in
the light:

Then o'er the woodland, drifting
into flow'r,

Her old awakened splendor breaks the
gloom,

Standing alone, queen of the forest
night.

The clouds roll back; the breadth of
heaven clears;

Those tired and darkening waters in
the lock

Foam out, a flood of silver, down the
weirs

And tear the moss from faces of the
rock!

She is become the calm that once was
ours;

A ray above the havoc; hope; a
friend;

A blessed quietude, when battles end;
An old house rising, like a cliff, from
flow'rs;

A vagrant beauty round the world that
blows,

Awander with her sons; a pulse that
thrills:

So men have seen among far Polar
snows

Helvellyn's misty shape and glisten-
ing gylls:

Beside the brown Euphrates Avon
flows,
And Bredon shines beyond Ægean
hills.

The river flowing calm beneath her
swallows

Sucking the king-cup downward at
her brink;

The trout that dart and shudder
through the shallows,

And eddying weeds that rise, and
swirl, and sink;

Cloud-shadows floating over wide hill-
faces;

Pastures of England; light on wold
and fell:

By shell-starred battlements, in desert
places,

All these they love, who have loved
England well!

These will remain: they will not be
outworn;

A mother's eyes, they fail not nor
depart!

Beyond this world's dominion thou art
borne,

Who sway the misty channels of the
heart!

Mother of men! To what dim estuary?
To what far bay? To what uncharted
sea?

The Spectator

A SONG

BY JOAN THOMPSON

Down in the little valleys,
Before the cutting's over,
I will gather sweet, red clover
And taste its honey dew:
Then, Love o' my Dreams, I will give
My lips to you.

Down in the little valleys,
When the cutting's over,
I shall hear the calling plover:
'The summer days are few.'
Then, Love o' my Life, I will give
My soul to you.

The Anglo-French Review